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K ARUNDEL.

BY

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A. R. U. N. D. E. I.

BY

THE ASSOCIATION



OF THE

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VOL. I.

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ARUNDEL.

LETTER I.

Francis Arundel to Charles Mortlake.

London.

THE scene I am now entering upon strikes my senses with its novelty, but it does not satisfy my mind. Bereft of your society, and taken off from the pursuit of those peaceful studies, in which we were jointly engaged, I feel myself at present in a most uncomfortable situation.

How it may be, when I am more familiarized to the modes and manners of the great world, I cannot pretend to say: as yet I see no cause to rejoice in the change my father has been pleased to make in the system of my education: the alluring promises

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B

which

which dazzled him, never struck me with the same force, and this establishment, which he so greedily caught at, has, from the first moment he adopted it, invariably appeared to me in no other light than as a sacrifice of my happiness to his ambition; for, if I know myself, I am persuaded I am ill qualified for my office, and little likely to find either credit or comfort in a state of dependance.

I am at a loss to guess what use such small talents as I am endowed with can be of to the great personage, whose fortunes I am now attached to. My slender stock of acquirements has been purely of the literary sort, and having known no other training than in the fellowship of the Muses, *inter Sylvas academi*, I shall be an awkward novice in the circle of the courtly graces.

It is surprising, my dear Charles, how much an academic air and address embarrasses a man of sensibility in company of a certain sort. I am not sure but I shall be obliged to put myself under the hands of some one of those advertising professors, who undertake for *Grown Gentlemen*, and commence a course of private lectures; for I perceive there is more worldly

worldly respect paid to the accomplishments of the dancing-master, than to all the learning of the schools.

Alas ! my friend, the milk of our *alma mater*, which you and I have fed upon, is a diet too simple for the strong stomach of ambition ; the heavy demands which business makes upon the human constitution, and the daily drains of pleasure will not be supported on so temperate a regimen ; nor can all the demonstrations of Euclid help you to the solution of one difficulty in the crooked scheme of politics.

There are more phenomena in nature, Charles, than your philosophy can account for : the eccentricity of a comet is not to be compared with that, in which some beings seem to move in their political as well as moral orbits ; and though we have a system for the natural solution of the tides of the ocean, it would be more than the genius of a Newton could perform to explain the *tides* and turns in the *affairs of men*.

The interior of a minister's house presents a scene for curious speculation ; every domestic has an air of consequence. I cannot

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bear the mock-majesty of these upstarts : they seem waiting to take measure of me by the attention or neglect I may chance to experience from their Lord : as yet, I have had so little of his Lordship's company, though I live under his roof, that they have drawn no absolute conclusions for or against me : he received me in a manner I have no right to complain of, though a little more condescension would have pleased me better : the ladies of his family are not in town.

Two or three humble solicitors have already found their way to my apartment, and made suit to me in a stile that is painful to my feelings. Each of these poor languishing expectants would fain have persuaded me into an opinion of my own consequence, and how easy it was for me to serve him with my principal : I find I must submit to heavy contributions on my patience and pity, if I persist in lending an ear to every man's long-winded detail of grievances, and yet it is as hard to refuse that consolation to the wretched race of expectants, as it is to convince them I have nothing better to bestow. But why will men misunderstand their own interest so
totally

totally as to be loquacious on such occasions? Every hour, that passes over my head, puts me more and more out of conceit with the situation I am in.

Happy are you, my dear friend, and happy may you continue to be in the enjoyment of those placid scenes, where, amidst the society of nature's unpervverted children, you can alternately enrich your mind with the discovery of truth, and delight your fancy with the sports of fiction; contrasting the severity of your academical researches with all the charms of classic taste and elegance. Regular hours and temperate meals, with the stated returns of your collegiate duties and healthful recreations, compose that pure and primitive system of life, which you enjoy and I have lost:

Such are the ills which from ambition spring.

Farewell!

LETTER II.

The Earl to the Countess of G.

I WONDER you could expect me to-day, when you might have recollected it was our cabinet dinner, and there was little or no chance of my getting down to you in the evening. I should however have strove hard for it, but we were unluckily pledged to a committee of West India merchants, who held us by the ears till it was too late to leave town. If nothing unforeseen arises, I shall be with you to-morrow; but take notice, I cannot set out till after my levee is over, which will hold till near four o'clock.

Apropos to all this, I am to inform you, that young Arundel is arrived; the obligations I was under to his father, upon election services, engaged me in a promise to provide for his son; I have therefore taken him as my private secretary, and now find myself encumbered with a raw lad from the university,

versity, full of Greek and Latin, which I have no use for, and possessed as it should seem of no requisites for the place I have promoted him to. What shall I do with him? If he had dropt from the moon he could not seem more out of his element. He is modest, respectful, and so silent, that I have scarce heard the tone of his voice. I think to bring him with me to Spring Grove, and turn him over to your Ladyship to polish off the pedantic rust of his Cambridge education. The Bishop tells me he is a capital scholar, and has carried off all the prizes from his competitors; you, who have a strong taint of the blue-stocking coterie, can best judge of that part of his character, I, who want only a ready penman and a methodical drudge, might have been better suited with the first plodding clerk I had picked out of my office.

Tell Louisa I insist upon her being well against the time we meet: I expect to find that fresh air, cold bathing and the exercise of riding will have repaired the ravages that late hours, hot assemblies and full drawing-rooms had made in the bloom of youth and beauty.

ARUNDEL.

I am told young Arundel is a famous musician; I shall make him bring his violin with him. Good night to you.

G.

LETTER III.

Countess of G. to the Hon. Mrs. Dormer.

Spring Grove.

YOU know my passion for retirement, and therefore cannot wonder at the partiality I have ever had for this delightful villa. It is now in prime beauty, and as the physicians have thought it necessary for Lady Louisa to take the country air, my Lord has consented to dispense with my staying any longer in town, and I have now been a whole week *tête-à-tête* with the dear girl, who has advanced in her recovery every hour. So many are the opportunities I have had of conversing with her, and such is the openness of her nature, that I am now satisfied there was no ground for the suspicion I had taken up of her having conceived

ceived a liking for that gay young libertine Sir George Revel. Certainly he was very particular in his assiduities on the night he danced with her at the duchess's assembly, and I must confess there was something in her manner, and more particularly in her looks, which alarmed my motherly anxiety, which must be continually awakened for the safety of a young person so full of attractions, and withal so volatile as my Louisa. I really think we have brought her out at too early an age, but nothing would put my Lord by from having her presented, though she had but just completed her sixteenth year, and the consequences were easily foreseen. Surrounded by admirers, and followed by a crowd in every place she enters, like some public spectacle, who can wonder if so young a head grows giddy with the flattery, that is paid her, and if her health is now suffering by the late hours and fashionable dissipations of a town life? but there is no laying any restraint upon my Lord's unlimited indulgence, and nothing is left for me but to lament in silence and obey. I must not however forget to acknowledge the relief I sometimes have recourse to, and which I am now availing my-

self of, whilst I secretly unburthen my full heart to you, and you alone; for you can feel for me; your friendly pity lightens my load, and your better judgment corrects my weakness.

I know your sentiments so well upon the subject of music, that I am almost afraid to tell you how much her talent in that captivating art is improved; I have heard you mention with regret the time, which young women are too apt to dedicate to that accomplishment, and after all it must be owned a dangerous excellence when it is attained; for where the heart is actuated by those tender propensities, which are too evidently inherent in Louisa's nature, I must admit that music is very truly, though poetically, called *the food of love*; and it is not so much the melting cadence of her voice, as the expressive language of her eyes, which makes me tremble for her during those performances, which her father's vanity is for ever calling for. She is really so captivating, and so sensitive towards the admiration of those she captivates, that if I had any voice in the matter, she should not be suffered to display her attractions so promiscuously as she does; nor would I indulge her predilection for those

soft and tender cantabiles, which she generally selects for her performances.

I know you think with me on this subject, and I also know how well apprised you are of my Lord's way of thinking, and the fruitless attempt it would be for me to oppose it. In this as in all things else I must submit to his will and pleasure:—but whilst I am writing this his equipage is in sight, and I must instantly break off and hasten to receive him.—Tomorrow I will resume the pleasure I have now suspended.

My Lord came down to us yesterday in such good spirits, that I am apt to think affairs of state have taken some turn more fortunate for his administration, than has been usual of late; but this I can only guess at, as I never know or wish to know any thing of politics and parties. No body accompanied him but a young gentleman whom he has just taken into his family as his private secretary; he is the only son of Dr. Arundel, a respectable clergyman in our county, and one whose interest and support were of the greatest service to my Lord at the last general election: his father educated him

for the church; my Lord says he has brought an excellent character from Cambridge, and indeed if I may judge upon so short an acquaintance he seems well to deserve it. By my Lord's manner of describing him, in a letter he wrote to me the day before yesterday, as a raw lad from the university, I had formed myself to expect something very awkward and uncouth in his appearance; but nothing can be further from it; for though he has none of that happy assurance, which puts our young men of fashion so entirely at their ease in all companies, he has a natural good-breeding which pleases me much better; and his attentions, without sinking into servility, are of that respectful yet manly cast, which seem to indicate a proper understanding of himself as well as others. My Lord told me in a whisper, that he had been greatly pleased with his conversation by the way, and that the prejudice of his first appearance had been entirely removed: I think, added he, I shall make something of him in time; but I perceive at present he is too high-minded; for upon my informing him, that I should appoint him a proper stipend from my private purse, till I could otherwise provide
for

for him, my young gentleman truly would not hear of it, and contested the point with me in a stile that I should never have expected a dependant to make use of: I confess to you I was highly displeased with him at first, but in the end I passed it over and made allowances for his extreme ignorance of the world, imputing it to the pride of mind and self-consequence which these young academics are apt to contract at the university.—To this I seemed to acquiesce, by observing that experience would make him wiser; but I confess to you I drew very different conclusions in my own mind, and much more in Mr. Arundel's favor, than I ventured to express, for it is not my way to oppose my Lord in any of his opinions.

After coffee was over nothing would content my Lord but that Louisa must sit down to her piano forte, and though the physicians had forbidden her to sing, an air was called for and the favorite song in *Perseo* was selected for her performance, though it concludes with a bravura that demands more than ordinary exertion: Mr. Arundel was soon after pressed to take up his violin and accompany Louisa in a concerto; this he would fain have declined,
and

and spoke so modestly of his talent, that my Lord seemed disposed to let him off, observing to me in a whisper, that he concluded it was not worth the hearing. Louisa in the meantime had turned over her books, and picked out a concerto, which she told him was a favorite of her father's, and that he must absolutely do his best to bear a part, for which purpose she would take it in flower time to accommodate him. This command he obeyed without further hesitation, and to our great surprise executed it in so masterly a stile, with such excellence of taste, tone and execution, as threw my Lord into absolute raptures, who quite oppressed poor Arundel's modesty with his applauses. It was now in vain to think of stemming the torrent, for the harmonious rage had seized Louisa as much as it had her father, and our young musician sorely against his will was made to accompany her in two of her best songs, which I must own he did with so much delicacy of expression, as to make even me for the time almost as imprudent as my Lord; but at the conclusion of the second air, having snapt one of his strings, as I verily believe by design, he had not, or pretended that he had not, another;

another; and so concluded our concert, to the great mortification of my Lord, and the fortunate rescue of Louisa's exhausted spirits.

This morning my Lord went early to town, having left his young man with us till his return; and being Sunday and Louisa's health making it not adviseable for her to venture to church, we desired Mr. Arundel to read the service to us at home, which he did in such a manner, as impressed me with regret, that talents, so adapted to the office he was performing, should be diverted to less worthy purposes; and, thinking as I do of politics and all who are involved in them, I pitied the fate of this unhappy victim to dependance, and from my heart abhorred the mercenary motives of the father, who had withdrawn him from the service of God and sacrificed him to the mammon of ambition. Farewell!

LETTER

LETTER IV.

Dr. Arundel to Francis his son.

SON FRANCIS,

AS it hath now pleased the Giver of all good things to crown my humble endeavours with success, and to permit me to exalt you to a sphere, where your talents may have room for their display, and your fortune, under prudent care and caution, may be finally established to the extent of my most sanguine hopes, through the favor of my gracious patron and benefactor, the noble Earl of G. it behoves me to give you such rules for your conduct as may lead your inexperienced youth in the right road to preferment; and it will be your indispensable duty to observe and follow these directions faithfully and implicitly at all times and on all occasions, as I shall find needful for your government and guidance in the course of life, which you have now commenced.

Recollect,

Recollect, child, that I have now lived, (blessed be God!) to see many days; and, according to the computation of man's brief pilgrimage, may already account myself a man full of years. Old age and experience are the parents of wisdom, and I trust it is no vanity in me to presume I am entitled to some attention on that account, having now for more than thirty years, without intermission, superintended the spiritual welfare of this populous parish, and lived in fair repute, not only with my own peculiar flock, but let me add, with all my neighbours round about. I must therefore know something of life, and I ought to know it, for in this period I have looked it through and through—I have studied not only books, but men and things, and composed many differences and difficulties amongst my contentious brethren, hard and intricate in their nature, whereby I have done benefit to my fellow-creatures, and acquired the reputation of much wisdom and discretion to myself.

Let me tell you therefore in the first place, that you ought on no account to have taken on yourself to reply as you did to your noble patron,

patron, touching the allowance, which he generously offered to you from his private purse, till such time as he could better provide for you. Why did you not apply to me for my advice in that particular? I should have given you far different and better counsel: know you not, rash young man, that it is both your interest and your duty to refuse nothing? Can you not comprehend, impolitic and improvident as you are, that if his noble Lordship had paid you from his own pocket, it must in reason and the nature of things have quickened his speed to exonerate himself from the incumbrance of your stipend? And what is the result of this? what, but a place in some branch of the revenue, or perhaps the portion of a place, equivalent at least, if not superior, in value to the amount of your private pay? Ah, foolish boy! well may I exclaim with the poet, *Quale dedisti principium adveniens!*—But go back to his Lordship and humble yourself in his presence; peradventure he will treat it as a first offence and receive you to his forgiveness, in pity of your inexperienced youth and weakness. Tell him that I accept this generous tender with heartfelt gratitude and devotion;

devotion ; and when you have got it, look well to the disposal of it, so as I may not be called upon to supply your exceedings, but manage your affairs with that œconomy, which will be your best friend through life.

I am told his Lordship's patronage is prodigious : inform yourself well of all particulars, and be careful to minute down all offices and appointments within his gift, in a private book of your own, according to their real value and perquisites, with proper comments upon the persons of the respective incumbents, viz. as to age, health, infirmities, connections, &c. This will be to thee the very manual of wisdom, and this I am well assured is the usual practice with dependants in your situation, who have any foresight and discretion.

Be always ready at the call, nay at the very nod of your principal ; study his looks, so as to anticipate, if possible, his wishes, before he can give them utterance. Make friends with all that are of his family or connections ; none are to be neglected by you, not even his domestics, for they have much to say, and many opportunities to say it in.

His Lordship, you well know, is of a lofty nature,

nature, high in blood, rich in honors, and replete with power, authority and wealth: his humour therefore must be your law, and in all things you must accord to it; if you thwart it, you are undone; if you soothe it, your fortune is made.

The Countess is a most virtuous and amiable lady, respectable for her private and domestic qualities, but she has little influence over his noble mind, and being altogether detached from great affairs, can be of little service to your views, and you will do wisely to proportion your attention to her accordingly.

It is not so with the young and beauteous lady Louisa, for she, as I can witness, is her father's darling, and has much to say. Let your devoirs to this lovely favorite be dedicated with the most profound devotion; herein you will be furthered by your skill and address in music, to which it seems both she and your noble patron also are much devoted.

Let these few maxims suffice for the present; they are however, though few in number, well worthy your attention for their importance. Weigh them thoroughly in your thoughts, write them on the tablet of your heart,

heart, yea, bind them (in the spirit of the sacred metaphor) as frontlets between your brows; and fail not to bear in mind, that I am as you deserve,

Your friend to serve you,
and your affectionate father,

JOSEPH ARUNDEL.

L E T T E R V.

Countess of G. to the Hon. Mrs. Dormer.

I Am not sure if I told you in my last that my Lord consents to let us remain here for the sake of Louisa's recovery; and as the spring is already so far advanced, we shall go no more to town this season, which I am most sincerely thankful for; and as Louisa acquiesces with a good grace in the measure, all is well, and here we are fixed for the summer.

Our new acquaintance has been very agreeable to us, and really helped us to pass our time much pleasanter than we could otherwise have disposed of it. How much did I wish
for

for you to have been of our party ! for he is absolutely the very best reader I ever listened to : if I may judge by the subjects he selected for our hearing, he had something more in view than merely to entertain us, for nothing could be better chosen ; and where any explanation was wanting, he supplied it in a manner, that made us oftentimes more indebted to the commentator than the author. It is matter of astonishment to me how so young a man can have stored his mind with such a fund of learning, and of so many various sorts, for he seems master of all subjects that are thrown in his way : but these are matters out of my depth ; you would be fully competent to pronounce upon his merit, and to you I must refer it.

We have had no music, for he would never put his violin in order, and I have now discovered that it was as I suspected, nothing but a contrivance to give respite to Louisa.

This morning I took a long walk with him round our ornamented farm, whilst Louisa was employed in writing to Lady Jane ; from the turn of his conversation I could plainly enough discover, that he is not overjoyed by the situation he is thrown into, which seems to have been

been entirely of his father's seeking, and by no means the way of life, which he would have made choice of for himself. This I own affected me very sensibly, and I could not forbear giving him some hints, which I conceived might be useful to him in his future views and connections. He listened to me very attentively, and after a short silence address himself to me in the following words:—

I am much beholden to your Ladyship for the kind advice you have given me, which I shall not fail to bear in mind; but I am afraid Lord G. will soon repent of the choice he has made, for by what you have been pleased to hint to me, I perceive there are many more arts and managements necessary in a situation of dependance than I am ever likely to learn, or having learnt to carry into practice. I have that opinion of his Lordship's delicacy, that I dare say he will never require of me any other sacrifices, than the spirit of a gentleman ought in reason to submit to; but I am not so sure of other people, who may regard even such an insignificant being as I am with an eye of jealousy; and I am sensible I never shall be possess of that convenient patience, which can put up
with

with an insult, though it were no otherwise to be resented than by the total sacrifice of my interest.

Believe me, Mr. Arundel, I replied, however commendable these principles are, yet, as the world is now fashioned, too quick a sensibility will involve you in a thousand troubles, and I do sincerely wish for your sake I was possessed of those powers of persuasion, which might prevail with you to be upon your guard, more especially at your outset into life. But I have no such powers, and can only offer you my good wishes.

At these words, turning quickly towards me, his countenance animated with the most lively blush, I must be a monster, exclaimed he, if I could ever lose the memory of this goodness, or prove insensible to the honour you confer upon me; and I must beg your Ladyship to be assured that there is no opinion can proceed from your lips, which I shall not most implicitly adhere to, that only excepted, which has reference to yourself; therein you must permit me very widely to dissent; and if it were not too presumptuous a request to make, I should account myself most happy
and

and most honoured, would you suffer me, in case of future difficulty, (provided the affair be not unfit for such a reference) to throw myself upon your friendly judgment for advice: I blush to make so bold a suit, but indeed I am incapable of abusing your condescension, and I flatter myself, if I was allowed to think of you as of one, to whom I was to bring my conduct to account, I should never have the heart to do a deed, or even meditate a thought, that might dishonour my protectress.

I must confess, the eager manner of his utterance and the unexpected claim he made upon my confidence, (which to own the truth was somewhat more sudden than our acquaintance warranted, and rather out of form in the manner it was introduced) threw me into some confusion, and I rather doubt if you will think that I deported myself altogether as I ought by assenting to a request, which may possibly engage me further as a party in his fortune and affairs than in prudence I should have gone; and indeed, considering how little influence I have over any person or in any thing, was it not in fact a kind of deceit to let him think that such a

friend could be of any use to him in life? If there had been the least degree of forwardness, the smallest shadow of impertinence either in his look or deportment, I could have drawn up, and, however foreign it may be to my nature to assume the great lady, I should in that case perhaps have taken it upon me to put him at his distance; but in this instance it would have been rank pride and ill-nature to have turned a discouraging countenance upon a modest youth, whose emotions were simply those of gratitude and respect, and I should have abhorred myself had I been capable of attempting it.

Thus for the first time in my life has your friend been drawn out of that negative insignificance of character, which I have so long studied to preserve, and surprised into an undertaking, which I am as unfit for as my pupil is for a dependant. You will smile to think of me in the character of a female Mentor, me, who have no voice in any body's affairs, and hardly dare to advise even my own child: as for his connection with my Lord, I must look upon that as in a very precarious light, for, unless his violin pleads strongly in his favor, I know

I know no other chance he has to find the way to his good graces. He will not flatter, and he is too proud to truckle to the hangers-on, that swarm about the Great: the first scrape he falls into on that account will completely open his eyes as to my want of consequence, and shew him that he leans upon a broken reed, for there I can afford him no help: the only use I could be of to him is in difficulties, which may arise from my own sex, for I should tell you that this young Secretary of our's is out of all comparison the handsomest young man I have ever seen, and very finely formed withal; so that I conclude he will have embarrassments more than enough to struggle with from that quarter; but it so happens that upon the only points I could serve him in, delicacy must of course prevent him from employing me.

Poor Arundel! does not your kind heart feel a pity for him? mine does, and your's will no less than mine, when you see him and know him. Farewell.

LETTER VI.

Francis to Dr. Arundel.

I AM truly concerned to find you disapprove of my declining Lord G.'s offer; if any consideration could prevail with me to accept it, your commands would; but if I have hitherto obeyed you in all things, I hope you will pardon this my first transgression, as I cannot do so great a violence to my nature, as to take wages from the hand of a master, and sink myself to the condition of a hired servant.

As to the idea of its operating as a quickener to provoke him to a more speedy provision for me by other means, I confess it never entered my thoughts, nor do I think I shall ever acquire so politic an attention to my own interest, or that any experience will improve me in a species of wisdom, which centers so exclusively and individually in myself.

If the burthen that may eventually fall upon you, till some provision shall be found for me, is amongst the motives, that induce you to enjoin

enjoin my compliance with the offer in question, I think myself fortunate in being able to secure you against those apprehensions for some time to come by the very kind and seasonable supply which my uncle's bounty has just sent me, amounting to the sum of two hundred pounds; and I flatter myself at the same time the manner in which I shall husband this fund, will impress you with no unfavorable opinion of my œconomy.

The lessons of humility, which you are pleased to bestow upon me, I shall strive to profit by; I am also sensible how much my ignorance stands in need of admonition, and how well qualified you are to admonish; but I shall hope to find Lord G. too noble to demand those abject assiduities, which would degrade my character and reflect no honour upon his. If I can respect him for his virtue, talents and integrity, my devotion will go as far as any man's ought to go; but if I find him wanting in these qualities, I can never pay adoration to rank alone, nor flatter power with the sordid view of profiting by what I despise.

On all occasions I shall proportion my respect according to the merit rather than

importance of the persons I may be concerned with; and by this rule, as far as I have yet been able to discover, Lady G.'s claim will by no means be so slight and insignificant, as you seem to think it. I embrace with a devoted heart the tender of your fatherly friendship and affection on the condition of my deserving it, which I shall study to fulfil by approving myself at all times and on all occasions,

Your most dutiful

and most obedient Son.

L E T T E R VII.

Captain John Arundel to Francis.

DEAR FRANK,

Portsmouth:

I HAVE got a small nest-egg left in the hands of my agent, whose direction you will find in the inclosed order; you may crack the shell, my good boy, and make the most of it; if your stomach is not very sharp set, it will

will help out your mess, as I make no doubt but your commanding officer has stinted you to short allowance.

There is but little stirring in our way, or I would do more for you; one lucky hit they say will heal many hard blows; if ever I should stumble upon good fortune, you shall fare the better for it; if not, you must look out for yourself, and they tell me you are now in the track.

I hope you don't intend to grow a flashy fellow and learn to turn up your nose at a tar jacket; if that's to be your game, my humble service to you: but I am sure you are too honest a lad for that; and so no more at present from your loving Uncle.

LETTER VIII.

Arundel to Captain John Arundel.

I HAVE received your order for two hundred pounds at your agent's office, and most gratefully acknowledge your generosity to me on this and all occasions. I would say much more to you on the subject if I dare, but as I know you too well to venture upon professions, I shall only assure you that though you have made me rich, you have made me frugal, as I shall scorn to dissipate the earnings of your valour in an unbecoming manner.

I must own your favor reached me in a needful moment, for as I had disobliged my father by refusing a stipend from Lord G. he had punished my pride by revenging himself upon my pocket; and I find enough to dislike in my present situation without the aggravation of poverty.

Alas! my dear uncle, there is something in my blood, that revolts against dependance: my ancestors never yet served any master but
their

their king, and yet my father would have humbled me to the mean condition of receiving wages from Lord G. but in vain; I would sooner have taken the first honorable grave I could find, than his lordship's pay, and been the first Arundel, who so disgraced the name.

If my wishes could have prevailed I had continued at Cambridge, where I was pursuing my studies with some little reputation; but if that was not to be allowed of, why was I not thrown into the army, where my uncle the General would have protected me, and has been so earnest to place me? but you well know his offers were rejected in a manner so disobliging, as to occasion such a breach between my father and the head of our family, that I am peremptorily interdicted from paying the common civilities of a visit to Sir Francis, who lives within a few doors of Lord G.'s house in town, and who I dare believe would be too noble to let me feel any part of the resentment he has conceived against my father.

As for you, my dear uncle, it is now ten years ago since you proposed to enter me on your books and educate me under your

own eye in the service, which above all others I should have preferred and delighted in; but you also met a rebuff, and the full half of my life has been spent in regretting a disappointment which it is now too late to redeem, whilst I have the cutting mortification to see the whole world in arms against my country, and I remain an idle spectator of the glorious contest.

What would I not have given to have stood by your side in your late gallant engagement! my heart burnt within me when I read of your beating off a ship of so superior a force that she ought to have blown you out of the water, had not your resolution and address balanced the disproportion of her strength. I have the satisfaction however to hear your conduct applauded to the skies; every body is loud in your praises, and Lord G. tells me you are appointed to a new seventy-four, and going out upon a separate cruize with an attending frigate. May glory and success go with you! Sure I am, the colors which you hoist, will never strike at your command to the enemies of your oppressed country. Farewell!

LETTER

LETTER IX.

Charles Mortlake to Arundel.

Trin. Coll. Cam.

I Find since you, my dear Frank, have left us, I am an altered character, and no longer worthy any man's acquaintance: I am grown insufferably selfish and unsocial. Is it because I had no pleasantry, no merit, but what I caught from you? Could not you be contented with engrossing every public honor, but must you strip your friends of their little private modicum of praise, and cram their scraps into your wallet? I am discovered to be a very dull fellow, and every body flies me accordingly. Perhaps I am a little unreasonable in expecting all the world to love you as well as I do, and have wearied out their patience with lamentations for the loss of you.

And is the loss only mine? Is it not your's also? Alas, alas! I was in hopes I should have had nothing but the evil passion of envy to get over, a little selfishness or so to conquer,

which I did not absolutely despair of effecting in due time; but if I am to be attacked by the generous impulse of friendship; if by the shifting of your fortune from happy to unhappy, my heart is to endure a like transition from selfish to sympathetic feelings, it is more than I can encounter: I can never be reconciled to my own loss, unless I could reflect that it was to be your gain.

Have you taken a fair measure of your lot in life? have you considered it in its positive, in its relative light? You are a great adept in theory, are you any thing of a philosopher in practice? I much doubt it. Are you quite sure that dependance is such a bugbear? Is not every man in some points, some periods of his time, a dependant? Do we not serve a temporary apprenticeship to every art, science and profession in life? Cannot you submit to go to school above once before you are made a man of? What have I to look to, that am an eleve of the church? must not I expect to work my way through the probationary drudgery of a curacy, before I can expect to lie down in the soft lap of beneficed indolence? and what are you gentlemen politicians more than the
rest

rest of mankind, that you alone should be exempted from going through your degrees, and start up at once doctors and professors of the untaught mysteries of government? Happy inspiration, if it were so! miserable people, to be governed by upstarts and empirics, if it be not so!

For my part I believe every man's temper is mended by dependance, as vice is oftentimes corrected by sickness. You perhaps will dispute the point with me, and contend that he learns to be mean instead of humble, to be cunning when he ought to be wise. I cannot be answerable for his mistakes, I cannot help a silly fellow's running into bye-ways and crooked allies, when the open street lies strait before his nose.

You may remember I was a stiff anti-ministerialist before you commenced statesman; I have now turned my coat out of compliment to you, but it is a compliment that puts no great force upon my conscience, for as I could never reason on either side the question from total ignorance of both, I have only transferred my wishes from one party to the other, without knowing where the preference lies; and if
you

you have no better advocates than me, your cause will be but lamely defended. Heaven keep our blue gowns and square caps from the contagion of politics!

I am lately become exceedingly fond of our physic garden, and have commenced a course of botanical lectures: thus perhaps, whilst you are plucking up the weeds that overrun the political region, I shall be employed upon the same task in the natural one, and so by our joint labours *the world's unweeded garden* in time be culled, and the baneful poisons, which it now abounds in, made medicinal, and converted into antidotes.

Our musical parties languish miserably for want of their leader; and whilst our harmonic body is starved by your absence, London, which has spirited you from us, is surfeited with repletion; so unequally are the good things of life distributed.

I have been up since day-break, and the chapel bell now sets in, a summons, which you never failed to obey; how happy I once thought myself, that I was quartered so near you! I now pass your windows with a sigh, take a pensive turn or two in the cloisters, and
then

then sit down to a solitary breakfast, or at best with some silent companion from the dead. In such society the brain will be sometimes subject to vapours, and even visions will arise to delude the fancy; something of this sort I have lately experienced, but upon sober reflection, I find that what seemed at first the visitations of the Muse, turned out in reality to be nothing more than the effusions of melancholy. Farewell.

LETTER X.

Arundel to Charles Mortlake.

I Write to you from Spring Grove, the charming villa of Lord G. about twelve miles from town.

I accompanied his Lordship on Saturday last, who left me here with the ladies for the best reason in the world, because he did not know what to do with me himself, and they did; for their good-nature found a thousand
innocent

innocent nothings to employ me in; and I verily believe it is the employment I am fittest for. I find my genius is exactly levelled to this tranquil state of indolence, without any of those turbulent vicissitudes of pleasure and pain, which agitate the current of more impetuous spirits.

I have now experienced, for the first time in my life, that doing nothing is a very different thing from having nothing to do. I perceive there is in the former not only occupation enough for a reasonable man, but an art and address in the business, which the fair sex,

Whose trifling pleases and whom trifles please,
understand much better than we do.

I have rummaged his Lordship's library for books I never opened before, and made acquaintance with several ingenious essayists and even some novelists, who have pleased me not a little: these gentry, who seem to have been in possession of the secret of *writing made easy*, have taught me how to make reading so; hitherto I have been used to sit down to the work, as a plowman does to his dinner, with a craving appetite and a voracious swallow:
reading

reading these authors is in the vulgar phrase *as easy as cracking nuts*; they set before you a dessert of various confections, which are not calculated to appease your hunger, but to amuse your palate; if you think fit to open the bauble, you discover some little motto or device within, which is seldom worth the trouble of getting at it, and yet curiosity draws us on from one to another: I have turned over abundance of these triflers, and have had the good luck always to select something tolerable to fill up an evening hour, when we came in from our walk.

It is now five days since Lord G. left us, and here we have remained without the interruption of any one visitor till a certain person made his appearance this afternoon, of which I shall give you the particulars by-and-by. You will expect I should say something of the ladies I have been living with in so familiar a manner, but I am in no humour to undertake it; I cannot think it a fair way of proceeding, when I am entertained in a family, to sit down deliberately and delineate their persons and characters for the amusement of a correspondent, or for the silly vanity of being ingenious
at

at their cost. How should I know any thing of the characters of these ladies in five days acquaintance? I abhor such impertinent affectation, and I like it the less for the surfeit I have had of descriptions in my short acquaintance with the novelists; their pourtraits of beauty, and their daubings of deformity, are commonly so overcharged as to give me no idea of nature, and I dare say, if I was ridiculous enough to try my art upon these ladies, after a thousand fine no-meaning flourishes about the matron beauties of the mother and the virgin graces of the blooming daughter, you would be no better acquainted with one atom of their persons or manners than you are at present. I shall only tell you that the world agrees that Lady Louisa is very handsome, and without having any prejudice for the world's opinions, I believe it is pretty certain that in this particular the world is right: as I am much more experienced in music than in beauty, I am better able to pronounce upon her accomplishments as a vocal and instrumental performer, which without exaggeration are extraordinary, and if my good word goes for any thing, it is no more than I ought to give her, for
she

she had not half the same excuse for the many fine compliments she paid to my scraping.

You must know, Charles, I was not half an hour in this young lady's company, before I had laid down a rule in my own thoughts, by which I mean to govern myself in certain particulars, which I have no desire to be very explicit upon even to you : and yet I must condition with you to keep sacred from all ears and eyes the little that I say now and for ever, of persons more especially, and even of things : a scribbling tell-tale is a despicable character, and yet I feel as if I could not totally restrain the effusions of my heart, when I correspond with you : if my confidence with you is ever violated, I renounce mankind.

For my own part, I do not know what love is ; I never yet measured weapons with him, and consequently cannot tell whether he is really that formidable champion he is said to be : but as for this young lady we were speaking of, though she is my junior in age, I suspect she is older in experience of a certain sort : I should suppose her to be a perfect mistress of her weapons by the way in which she manages them, and if a man can
parry

parry the attack of her eyes, he will have little to fear from any others: I hope it will never be required of me to tell any other girl that she is the most beautiful creature in the world, for if I do, I shall belye my own senses most egregiously: between Lady Louisa and me there is such an impassable gulph, that I shall never be fool-hardy enough to venture on it; and thanks be to fortune! it is too wide for the range of even her shot to reach me across it. She is at present a little languid or so, for I cannot say she is actually ill; but even the languor of a fine lady, and especially of such a favorite, is a sufficient summons for a consultation of physicians: they have very disinterestedly prescribed the air of the country and the side-saddle, and every day evinces the good sense and efficacy of their regimen: I have sometimes been obliged to attend upon her on her rides, but I have oftener avoided it, and prefer to attach myself to Lady G. as the safer companion of the two: with this most excellent lady I have taken many delightful walks, and am so charmed with her natural unassuming character, that I have no reserve in confiding to
her

her all those sensibilities and emotions, which my situation awakens in me; even my awkwardnesses and apprehensions have not been disguised from her; she condescends to them with the greatest patience, rebukes me with gentleness, or fortifies me by encouragement; there are yet charms enough about her to give an inexpressible grace to every thing she says, but it is beauty which interests without enflaming; it conciliates the affections without agitating the passions; it is Lady Louisa herself advanced twenty years forward in life, and twenty times more soft in manner; it is her meridian sun declining towards the west,

His beams entire, their fierceness lost.

Having been little used to the familiar society of women, it is almost incredible to relate what a degree of influence this elegant friend has already over me; she is to be my counsellor and confidante upon all difficult occasions, and I feel as if I could never suffer any spot or stain to fall upon my actions, for fear they should not be delicate enough for her inspection. She has been very earnest with me to instruct her in a few of the easy
and

and most familiar topics of popular astronomy, and I have been obliged to comply; in return, she is teaching me to play at chess, but I believe she is much more likely to be a rival of Sir Isaac than I am ever to be a match for Phillimore, for I can make nothing of it, and if she had not all the patience in the world she would have given me up for an incorrigible blockhead before now.

You must know I am so constituted as to revolt from every thing that in the least approaches towards pedantry, and cannot bear the idea of being the academic of the company; I am therefore a little mortified by this task which Lady G. has imposed upon me, and go about it very awkwardly; nothing would serve but I must walk out with her last night, after Lady Louisa had retired, to shew her the constellations; I would fain have persuaded her she would take cold by the night-air, but that fetch would not save me, and I am afraid I did it with an ill grace at last; I have now more objections against it than what affect her health only, and I shall not repeat these lectures any more: I do not think I am quite old enough, nor sufficiently sage,

sage, to expound the stars to the up-cast eyes of a fine woman, and there is something ridiculous in my setting up to be the Fontenelle of Lady G. unless I had either the gallantry of a Frenchman, or the *sang-froid* of a philosopher.

This afternoon a certain Sir George Revel proposed himself the pleasure of making a visit to these ladies: it is astonishing with how easy an assurance a young man of fashion carries off an impropriety of this sort: I do not find he is by any means an intimate of the family; on the contrary I suspect his acquaintance commenced but a few days ago at a private ball, where he had the honor of dancing with Lady Louisa; but this it seems was in his opinion pretence enough for dispensing with forms, and in the easy stile of modern breeding he coolly rode up to the door, dismounted, and delivered his horse to his groom, little doubting of a welcome.

For once he was mistaken, and very likely this may have been the first time his vanity betrayed him into a false conclusion; but Lady G. had reconnoitred him at some distance, and seemed on a sudden so extremely fluttered by

by his coming, that I could do no less than offer myself for any message she thought fit to send him. This offer she accepted, and after many apologies desired I would take the trouble to make her excuses to Sir George Revel for declining the honor of his visit, but that she and Lady Louisa saw no company at that place in the absence of Lord G.

With this commission I repaired to the hall, where my gentleman was reposing himself, whilst a servant was employed in wiping off the dust from his boots. I addressed myself in as civil terms as I could use in delivering the message I was charged with : he looked up in my face without stirring from his chair, or moving the hat from his head, and with a suitable air of insolence demanded, who it was he was to thank for being the bearer of so very civil a message.

I told him my name, but for any thanks due to me as the bearer of Lady G.'s message, those I informed him had been discharged by the sender, and none were either owing or expected from Sir George Revel on this occasion.

Then, Sir, replied he, since your name is
Arundel

Arundel and I am to understand you are a gentleman, be pleased to go back to Lady G. and tell her she has found out a very unfit office for a gentleman, and that she has done me great honor in the messenger, but very little in the message.

Stop there, if you please, said I, my commission goes no further than to the delivery of Lady G.'s commands; I shall carry no insult to a lady, nor receive one myself from any man.

Sir, your most obedient servant, answered he; if your anger is so soon roused upon a very natural observation, I shall take leave to suppose that my lady's words may not perhaps have been quite so peremptory as your report of them.

Sir George, I cannot let you take leave to suppose that I am capable of varying one tittle from the truth in any case.

How so, Sir, when it is generally allowed that wits have short memories, and you who seem to have the malice of a wit, may very well have the memory of one too.

This retort was rather more than I could bear, and thereupon stepping nearer to him, I

observed to him in a kind of whisper, that such conversation was no longer proper for the house we were in, and that I must insist upon his stepping out of it with me, where I would attend upon him to his horse, and take that opportunity of requesting him to inform me, where I might have the honor of waiting upon him in town to return the compliment he had just now been pleased to pay me.

He reddened at this speech, and without deigning to bestow any answer flung out of the house, and called for his horse: I followed him, and before he mounted again desired to know where I might call upon him.—What is your reason, Sir, said he, for demanding to know where I am to be met with? if you want any explanation of what I have said, explain to me in the first place who and what you are, and satisfy me that you are qualified as a gentleman of birth and independance to call any words of mine into question; till that is done, I shall hold the bearer of such a message as I have here received in just suspicion; and excuse my vanity if I observe to you, Mr. Arundel, that you must be very young indeed in the world

world not to know where Sir George Revel is to be met with; but as I leave no tickets of my abode with people, whom I don't know and who don't know me, you may make your enquiries of my servant here, or ask the waiters at the St. James's Coffee-house, where I may chance to be, as I have a palace guard to-morrow.

Part of this proud speech was delivered from his horse's back, and I had only time to tell him he should hear from me, when he wheeled about and set off upon the spur. I then returned into the house and made a short report to Lady G. of Sir George Revel's departure without any comment whatever upon his behavior to me.

Lady Louisa, who had not been present when I received her mother's message, was now sitting with her, and took very little notice of what had passed with respect to Sir George's visit, simply observing that Mr. Arundel had had a very troublesome office; she sat in a very thoughtful mood for some time, and now and then turned her eyes upon me with a look that I cannot pretend to interpret, but am not without some apprehension there might be a degree of disappointment in

it, and perhaps some little portion of displeasure against me for dismissing Sir George; though if it was so, it was politely concealed, for, to say the truth, it was

A countenance more in sorrow than in anger.

It was not long before she retired to her chamber complaining of the head-ach, and as she chose to be alone, Lady G. and I were left together: she pressed me to relate the particulars of what passed between Sir George and me, and seemed very uneasy lest something unpleasant had occurred, reproaching herself for having inadvertently accepted of my offer to take her message: you can readily believe I omitted nothing to quiet her alarms, and she concluded by saying—How could I be so indiscreet to send you to that insolent, quarrellsome young man, who is the terror of all companies, and whose vast fortune buoys him up in all manner of outrages against decency and good manners? if any thing ensues to your harm I shall never forgive myself; believe me, Mr. Arundel, when I assure you that I should never enjoy another peaceful moment, if I was to turn his sword upon your life.

I was

I was just going to seal this letter, when I recollected that it may not be amiss to postpone it till to-morrow, when I shall most probably tack a codicil to it from London, where I purpose to return Sir George's visit and slip away before these ladies are stirring.

Farewell.

London.

I add a few words to my yesterday's letter to assure you the affair is settled with this silly fellow, and all well: you shall hear from me again very shortly.

LETTER XI.

Countess of G. to the Hon. Mrs. Dormer.

I WRITE to you under the greatest agony of mind. An affair has happened between young Arundel and that wretch Sir George Revel, which I improvidently gave occasion to. I cannot send you particulars, for my mind is

too much distressed to enlarge upon the subject. Mr. Arundel is wounded; whether dangerously or not is more than I know, for though my Lord writes word it is only a slight scratch, I am far from certain that he does not conceal the truth from me, as my servant Davison, who saw the poor young man and spoke to him, tells me he was all over blood and very faint: still he had the generous consideration for my ease to bid Davison assure me that his wound was nothing, and that he desired I would be under no alarm on his account, for that he should be with me in a day or two, if Lord G. would give him leave.

Now even this does not quiet my fears, and I must entreat of you to call upon my Lord and inform yourself of the truth, which I desire you will not disguise from me, but state the case without softening any one particular. I would have asked my Lord's permission to come to town myself, but that is become impossible, as I am now for the first time seriously alarmed for Louisa, who is confined to her chamber, and so very low that I dare not leave her even for an hour in the day. We have carefully concealed from her this terrible fracas,

fracas, for to confess to you the whole sorrows of my heart, I am not without my fears, that this detestable Sir George Revel is not indifferent to her, and that the great depression of spirits she is under is more the consequence of disappointment, than distemper.

Alas! my worthy friend, should these suspicions be founded what a deplorable attachment has she made, and what an unfortunate mother am I!

Lose no time, I beseech you, in giving me correct intelligence of Mr. Arundel's real situation; when you hear the story you will not wonder at my anxiety, for how can I avoid feeling for one, whose sufferings I am the cause of? Farewell.

LETTER XII.

Hon. Mrs. Dormer to the Countess of G.

I HAVE obeyed the commands of my dear Lady G. and have the happiness to assure you of Mr. Arundel's safety from the very best authority.

I called in Grosvenor-square this morning at an early hour, hoping to find your Lord at leisure to see me: he was so obliging as to let me in, and I had a few minutes conversation with him; he was very quick in discovering that I had been sent upon enquiries by you, and said, that, though he knew I was a spy, he should treat me as an honorable one, and give me all the information I was in search of: he then briefly stated the particulars of Mr. Arundel's rencontre with Sir George, which, though I suspect his Lordship to have softened in his relation of it, seems to have been a very brutal and scandalous affair at the best.

I am sorry to observe to you that Lord G. disapproves of your message to Sir George,
and

and thinks he ought to have been admitted; I hold it right to give you this hint, that you may not be taken by surprise, if he should happen to launch out, as he is too apt to do, when any thing occurs to thwart his wishes.

He cannot in his real opinion find fault with the prudence of your proceeding, nay he must think it highly becoming; but I am afraid his eyes are wilfully shut against the glaring impropriety of Sir George Revel's visit by considerations that do him no honor in my opinion: it is clear to me that his Lordship would have no objection to a proposal from that quarter; the politics of Sir George at present are hostile to administration, and his parliamentary influence, as you must have heard, is very considerable, so indeed is his property; the man in short has every recommendation to a father, who wishes to make a match of interest, and form and fashion enough about him at the same time to catch the attention of any young lady, who chuses her lover by the eye; such I should hope will never be the choice of my dear Lady Louisa; surely she will never be the dupe of outward appearances, nor submit her-

D 5

self

self to be sacrificed to ambition and the love of riches. Her beauty, rank and fortune leave her without any plea for precipitation in the affair of marriage, and though her youth and extreme susceptibility may seem to lay her open to danger, yet she has a kind and faithful friend for ever at her ear, whose maternal vigilance will guard her from surprise.

When Lord G. had given me a short account of the affair with Sir George Revel and made his own observations upon it, he called a servant and sent him up to Mr. Arundel to know if it would be convenient to him to receive a visit from a friend of Lady G.'s, offering at the same time to accompany me to his apartment. I rather stared at the proposal, but when the servant returned with an answer from the wounded man, that he was ready to receive the honor, we designed him and when my Lord seemed to make a point of my going with him, I no longer hesitated about the matter, but suffered him to introduce me to Mr. Arundel, who had just been dressed by his surgeon and was lying on a couch.

After a few slight enquiries my Lord slipped out of the room without my observing him, whilst

whilst I was in discourse with the surgeon, who was desiring me to assure your Ladyship that his patient was in no manner of danger and would soon be well. I then availed myself of the privilege of an old woman by entering into conversation with Mr. Arundel, and I must take the same privilege for telling you that I never yet in my experience saw the person, male or female, old or young, who impressed my heart with so strong and so favorable a prepossession, as this amiable *protégé* of your Ladyship's. I recollect in one of your letters that you say in a kind of parenthesis that he is a fine young man, whereas if I was to describe him to you it must be as a model of perfection: for my part I am no dealer in descriptions, because I think they never describe any person or any thing, but yet I pretend to be a better judge of human beauty than all the younger and more empassioned beholders of it can be, because I can now contemplate it with a most philosophical eye in perfect tranquillity of soul; I can look at Arundel as an artist at the statue of *Antinous*; I am glad I did not think of *the dying gladiator*, for that comparison might have appeared ominous, especially as his

wound is described to me as being in the self-same place ; but I understand it to be a glance with the edge of a cutting sword and not a stab with the point.

I thought it necessary to tell him as an excuse for my visit, that I came at your request to inform myself truly and exactly of the state of his wound, on which account you were under much uncertainty and alarm, but I flatter myself, added I, that I can now set her mind at rest in that particular, and I hope you will commission me to tell her at the same time that there are no other consequences to be apprehended from the difference with Sir George Revel.

I confess this was going a little too far, and perhaps he thought so, for he parried my curiosity in a way, that seemed to indicate he was not very well pleased with it, telling me, that if I thought it worth my while to write upon so trifling a subject as his difference with Sir George Revel, he hoped I would not magnify it into any thing, that could give you uneasiness, or represent it otherwise than as a thing not worth a second thought of your's. I have had the honor, added he, to enjoy
a few

a few days only of Lady G.'s society, but in those few have received so many marks of her condescension and kindness, that nothing will ever deter me from obeying her commands, and asserting the delicacy of her behavior in the affair you allude to, in the face of any man who dares to arraign it.

This was so palpable an evasion of my enquiry that I could not venture upon pressing it any further, and now a visitor being announced I was obliged to cut short my visit and take leave. Farewell!

LETTER XIII.

Arundel to Charles Mortlake.

BEING now more at ease, than when I wrote the short postscript to my last letter, I shall satisfy your curiosity as to my fracas with Sir George Revel, which has made some noise, and cannot fail to reach your ears, as the public prints have got hold of it and are circulating

ing a very lame and erroneous account of a transaction, which is even worse than they describe it.

I left Spring Grove in the morning before the family were stirring, and repaired to the Coffee-house, where Sir George informed me he was to be found: I recollected he said he was to be upon guard, and therefore determined not to go armed to the meeting, as I knew his hands were, or at least ought to be, tied up by the duty he was upon: as the occasion of our difference was of so delicate a nature, I thought it best to go alone, and indeed if I had been disposed to take a friend with me, I had none to apply to. Having put up my horse in the Haymarket I walked directly to the Coffee-house, and enquiring for Sir George, sent in my name and desired to speak with him in a private room: here I staid a considerable time before the waiter returned and reported to me, that Sir George Revel was at breakfast in the public room, and bade him tell me if I had any thing to say to him, I might say it there; it did not suit him to come out.

As I was very unwilling to come to an explanation

planation with so uncivil a man in a public Coffee-room, where it was to be apprehended certain names would be used, that I was determined should not get out if I could avoid it, I wrote him a short note, entreating him for obvious reasons to let me see him in private, assuring him that I was no otherwise equipped than in my riding-dress, unprovided with any means, and void of any wish to provoke him to a hostile discussion, the impropriety of which I was perfectly apprised of at the present moment, as I knew he was upon guard and understood the delicacy of his situation.

This note was carried to him and answer brought back that he knew nothing of the writer, and should enter into no correspondence with me; I might come in or not as I saw fit. The master of the Coffee-room now came to me, and desired I would not make his house the scene of any further altercation. I felt the justice of this requisition, and assuring him I would not, peaceably walked out: still I kept my station before the door, expecting when this warrior would bolt, nor was it long before he made his appearance, leaning on the arms of two officers in their full uniform,

form, between whom he had entrenched himself.

I immediately accosted him, taking off my hat at the same time and desiring he would indulge me with a few minutes private conversation.

I will indulge you, Sir, with no private conversation, cried he, till I am better certified of your pretensions to converse with me at all: these gentlemen are my friends, and in their hearing you must speak, if you have any thing to say to me.

Sir George Revel, you have no right to question my pretensions, recollecting as you must do in what family we met, when you thought fit to put an affront upon me.

Then go back to your Lord, and if you are in his service, let your master certify for you, I shall pay no more regard to what my Lady says in your behalf, than I do to the affronting message, which you brought me on her's.

He had now turned the corner of Saint James's Place, when stepping round and presenting myself in front, as he still kept walking on, I brought him and his party to a stop on the foot pavement. Harkye, Sir, said I, this language

language makes all further explanation needless; if you do not instantly name a place of meeting, where I may have satisfaction for this insult, as soon as your guard is over, I will protest you for a coward to all the world.

Coward! exclaimed he, and instantly drawing his sword made a stroke at me with great violence, which passing between my arm and my body opened my side with the blade, and beat me on one knee to the ground; his execrations were horrid, and his passion so enflamed, that if his brother officers had not caught hold of his arm, I am persuaded he would have followed his blow, which in the posture I then was would probably have been fatal: my wound bled profusely, and a sudden faintness came over me, when fortunately an eminent surgeon took me into his house, close to which the accident happened: a crowd of people instantly collected, and the word being passed amongst them, that an unarmed man had been cut down by an officer upon guard, it was with some difficulty Sir George and his companions got into the same house with me.

I believe the assassin began now to be very thoroughly alarmed, but I saw nothing of him, whilst

whilst the surgeon was using means to staunch the bleeding; as soon as he assured me it was not mortal, which from my own inspection I was sufficiently persuaded of, I desired to speak with the officers, who were in company with Sir George and witnesses of the transaction.

I have reason to believe they are both men of strict honor and humanity, and shall always be forward to render justice to their behavior and expressions on the occasion: they lamented that it had not been in their power to stop the perpetration of so base a deed; that they were both as much taken by surprise as I myself was; that as it was their unlucky chance to be present at the scene, it would be their unpleasant task to report the proceeding faithfully as it passed, and they feared it must be such a report as would for ever blast the reputation of Sir George Revel, whom they could no longer consider as a brother of the corps.

I told them it was my earnest wish this might be prevented, and that the redress I looked for from Sir George should affect his person only, not his profession. I could not pretend to say what the rules of their corps might require, but if any saving could be made

made of his character, without prejudice to mine, I was content to give him a chance for preserving the name of a gentleman, if it were for no other reason than that he might still be worthy to render satisfaction to a gentleman.

The surgeon now interposing, I was forbidden to converse with them any longer, and having told them where I was to be found, they left me with every cordial wish for my speedy recovery, and in truth they could not have left me in any hands more likely to cooperate with those wishes.

And now, my dearest Charles, as I full well know your ardent soul has wings to carry you to the assistance of a friend, I must condition with you in the most serious manner to abide where you are: if my life was in danger, you are of all men on earth he in whose presence there would be most comfort, and in whose friendly arms I could with most serenity resign my breath; but there is no danger in my case: as for what must follow with regard to my assassin, it is not in your line to help me, and you are the last person I should wish to converse with on such a subject, whilst it hangs in
suspense.

suspense. I conjure you, therefore, as you value my repose, not to stir a step towards me, but as much as possible to preserve that calm serenity of soul, that diffuses peace on all who approach you, and makes a sphere of happiness around you, of which your glowing and benevolent heart is the center. Beware how you fix your thoughts too anxiously upon one, who is entering upon a turbulent and unquiet world! The votary of religion should not too closely attach himself to the dependant on fortune: our harmony was uninterrupted whilst we lived together; from our childhood we have been inseparable; I am taken away and you are left; hard indeed would be your condition, were your sympathetic heart still to take a share in all the tumults and turmoils, that I perhaps am doomed to meet. Dear Charles, if it be possible think of me only in those tranquil hours, that will give you pleasure to reflect upon; and if the story of my life shall prove a tragic one, proceed no further than to the opening scenes of the drama, and drop the curtain of oblivion over the catastrophe.

Your temper was the model that I studied, yet I could never bring my passions to so mild
a quality

a quality as your's; still your example, your society, your interchange of soul softened and meliorated my imperfect nature: that charming dream is now dissolved; the band is broken that tied down my passions, and I am let loose upon the world with all my feelings and with all my faults. If the sword of Sir George Revel, when it struck at my heart, had been permitted to reach it, perhaps it might have cut out of the catalogue many a disgraceful item, which your generous friendship may hereafter blush to read.

I confess to you I feel myself at this moment in an exigency, where I want the advice of a friend well practised in the rules of honor, and yet I have none such at hand to resort to. My uncle John, the hero of our name, is not within reach, and the brave old General, Sir Francis, is not *amicus curiæ*; at least I dare not consider him as such, for my father—Alas for me! in the very sadness of my soul I utter it—my father has disgraced himself with me for ever: oh Charles! such a letter, such lessons of servility, such systematic meanness!—but let this secret die with you. *Where he found it, how came by it, and what stuff it is made*

made of, I know not; but so it has come to pass that in the series of a family coæval with the monarchy, so noted for a high patrician spirit as the Arundels have been, there is one link in the chain found of baser metal than the rest; and out of that I am tempered—woe for me, if you, my gallant uncles, have not communicated some of your blood! You have; I feel it in my veins. Farewell.

LETTER XIV.

Arundel to Mortlake.

ONE of the officers, who was present when I received my wound, has been here and informs me that Sir George Revel has given in his commission, and it is thought he will be allowed to resign; this he did to stop the enquiries that must else have been made into his behavior, and particularly as the transaction passed upon guard, consequences might have been serious to him. This young officer, who

is

is married to one of the most lovely and accomplished women of the age, seems a very honorable and amiable character; he spoke of my affair with all the just abhorrence that belongs to it; he wished to know what I had written to Sir George in the note I sent into the Coffee-room, and when I repeated the contents, which I have transcribed in my yesterday's letter to you, he observed that such a conciliating message was a heinous aggravation of the act, which followed it; that he had been publickly called upon by his brother officers to state all the proceedings, but that he had hitherto declined entering into particulars, till he had conversed with me and was apprised not only of my present wishes but likewise of my future purposes.

I did not hesitate to reply, that my future purposes could be such only as were necessary for a man of honor to take, and which I presumed need not be pointed out to him.

He then said that he felt himself bound in honor to convince me that he was no assessor of Sir George's in so scandalous an affair; and therefore though he felt a repugnance against urging any man to an act of resentment,

ment, and had always made it his study to keep out of personal affairs, yet if I was not better provided and thought fit to accept his services for obtaining satisfaction of the aggressor, either in a peaceable manner, if that could be done, or by the last extremity, if it could not, he was heart and hand at my service, adding that he owned he should not be sorry to mark to the world his abhorrence of such scandalous proceedings, which had roused the resentment of the whole corps, and his more immediately as a party present:—in what he had now said, he spoke the sense also of the other officer, who was in the like misfortune with himself.

The modest unaffected air with which he delivered himself, and the genuine glow of sensibility and true courage which shewed itself in his countenance, whilst he addressed himself to me, won my heart upon the instant and henceforth I honor him as my friend:—but I will never consent to his proposal, nor will I rack the feelings of a beloved wife by exposing her husband to danger; I accordingly declined the honor he did me, and I hope in a manner that expressed my sense of his generosity

rosity without wounding it, assuring him at the same time that I should take the most public and explicit means of clearing his conduct and that of his brother officer from all possibility of misconstruction.

He said he did not expect Sir George Revel would make any concessions or offer at atonement; that he was a man of a ferocious, haughty spirit, elated with the influence which an overgrown estate gave him, and pluming himself on his extraordinary skill and address in the science of the sword: he had heard him talk very lavishly of Lady Louisa's charms, and throw out very broad hints as if he was secure of being favorably received by her: Lady G. was his aversion, but as his parliamentary weight was considerable, (having two boroughs under his command) he made little doubt of his proposals being acceptable to the father of the young lady, who knew the importance of his support and the turn which such an alliance would give to his politics. In fine, this friendly officer advised me, if the affair must come to a hostile issue, to draw him out upon foreign ground, and secure myself from consequences that might under certain cir-

cumstances throw me into a very dangerous predicament.

With this caution he left me, and I need not tell you that we parted with many acknowledgments on my side and repeated good wishes on his.

I told you in my last that I had not ventured upon resorting to my uncle Sir Francis Arundel, nor did I presume upon the liberty of writing a line to him in consequence of my present situation; even his person was not known to me, for I believe I had never seen him since I was six years old.

Judge what my surprise must have been when a servant announcing him by name, ushered in a majestic martial figure in the uniform of a General: I rose with some difficulty from my couch, and as he tendered me his hand, pressed it respectfully to my lips:—Child, child! cried he, return to your couch; consult your situation, and when you are recovered from the surprise of this unexpected meeting, I will speak to you. He led me back by the hand, assisted in arranging my posture, and then with great state and deliberation seated himself at some distance in a chair. After a short silence

I began

I began to attempt at expressing my sense of the honor and kindness he conferred upon me.—Why yes, Nephew, cried he, methinks it is something more than your neglect of me deserved; but I am willing to ascribe it to your diffidence, nay, I can well suppose you acted under influence of your father's foolish counsel, from whom I have long since and for ever withdrawn my countenance and protection. But, Sir, you are now to know that Francis Arundel will support the honor of his name, though it descends upon the son of a brother he has renounced. I have been told of your affair; I see you are wounded, and so far the fact is verified: report gives it forth that you was unarmed, and the act, if that be so, was the act of an assassin. How stands the truth, Sir? let me hear it from your own lips; and recollect yourself, do you mind me, call to mind before whom you speak, and do not disguise or qualify your conduct in the minutest particular.

With this injunction I immediately complied, by giving him a circumstantial detail of the whole transaction from first to last, which he heard throughout with the greatest attention.

When I had concluded, he delivered himself as follows:—Nephew Francis, you have been very ill used, and at the same time I see nothing in your conduct to disapprove of; on the contrary you seem to have deported yourself, so far as your account goes, as becomes a man of honor: What have you now resolved upon as your next step?

I then opened to him what my purpose was, which I told him I submitted to his better judgment, and should gladly be directed by him in any steps he would recommend, who so well knew what honor required and what was due to the dignity of a name and family, which I hoped I was not born ever to disgrace.

Whilst I was uttering these words his countenance brightened with joy, and starting up from his chair, he exclaimed with an oath, that I was a boy after his own heart; and if I was not wounded he would hug me in his arms: that it was not for his age and rank in the army to turn out against such a whipster as Sir George Revel, neither would it become so near a relation as an uncle to go into the field with his own nephew; but I should not want a second, a gallant fellow, one of my own age, and as it was a family affair one of my own
name

name and kindred—in short he should introduce his son to me in that capacity, who was captain of a troop of light horse, and now luckily at leisure for such an expedition. We shall then see if this cowardly assassin shall escape unpunished for his insult. In the mean time, my brave lad, take care of yourself, and get your skin whole as fast as you can.

So saying he got up, as if to depart, but seeming to recollect himself—Harkye, Frank, says he, I had like to have forgot part of my errand—Perhaps you are unfurnished for this job, and I suppose you are not too proud to accept a present from your uncle.

On the contrary, I replied, I shall be justly proud of any favor you are pleased to shew me, but in point of money I am provided by the bounty of my uncle John.

No matter for that, said he, a few hundreds will not overburthen you, nor impoverish me; besides you have stept into a new situation here, and though I think we have some claim upon Lord G. for the support I and my son have always given him in parliament, I shall not chuse that your appearance in his family shall be that of a needy dependant: here, my
E 3 boy,

boy, take this (throwing down three bank notes of a hundred each) as an earnest of my goodwill; do yourself justice and you shall never want a friend, whilst you and I are alive.

With these words he hastened out of the room, and was gone before I could make reply or raise myself from my couch to pay him the respect that was due to him.

And now, my dear Charles, I have been repeating to you a conversation, which in tenderness to your friendly feelings I should not have done, had it not been contrasted by one, which followed it in so opposite stile, that you may very well expect a more peaceable termination of this affair, than the preceding intelligence seems to threaten.

Lord G. has just been with me, to say that at Sir George Revel's request he had an interview with him early this morning, in which he had debated the circumstances which gave the first occasion to our quarrel; and though he must acknowledge my delicacy in not speaking of them to him, and held himself obliged to me for my attention to Lady G.'s desires, yet he should have been exceedingly glad that no such rebuff had been given on her part to Sir
George's

George's visit, who, though he may not be altogether so agreeable to her Ladyship, would perhaps have been no unwelcome visitor to others of his family; at all events it seemed contrary to good policy as well as good manners to put any affront upon a person of his great fortune, influence and connections: as for his assault upon me, it was an act of violence, which though committed under a sudden impulse of passion, nothing could justify; Sir George himself did not attempt to justify it, yet he thought it would admit of some allowances, for where was the man of spirit, who could endure to hear himself called coward, and yet keep his sword in the scabbard? That he had already shewn his disposition towards atonement, by putting himself out of his profession, and it was now with his Lordship to say what else should be done towards the party aggrieved.

Here I was about to make reply, when his Lordship stopt me by resuming his discourse in the words which follow:—When I state to you, that Sir George was willing to refer himself to me as a mediator, I should not disguise from you that it was implied conditionally, in

case I should take up his cause upon the first grounds of the quarrel, by giving my sanction to the pretensions, which carried him to my house. You will readily understand where this points.

Now, though I don't pretend to decide upon my daughter's inclinations, I am free to say that no father, be his ambition what it may, can object to the fortune, rank or family of Sir George Revel. His estate I know to be a vast one, and he must have been left exceeding rich in ready money. He has two boroughs, which are absolutely his own, and represents the county he lives in; so that his parliamentary influence, which has hitherto gone against us, is no small object, as you must confess: in short he is a match for the first lady in the kingdom. I am candid with you therefore in saying, that if your matter can be accommodated, I can have no hesitation in using my influence over Lady Louisa in Sir George's favor: upon this condition he is willing to come to terms with you, and submits the mediation to me; I will never suppose you are so little the friend of me and my family, or by nature and principle so devoted to desperate and resentful measures,

as

as to withstand a proper and gentlemanly atonement, when you may be assured I will never consent to any thing that shall put a force upon your feelings, or leave a stain upon your honor. You see, Mr. Arundel, how confidentially I deal with you in this affair; you see where my interest, political as well as domestic, points, and it is now in your power by facilitating an accommodation, not only to save yourself from almost inevitable destruction, but to establish such a merit with me as will render me your effectual friend for life.

There is no occasion to tell you all my answer to this, you see enough of Lord G.'s wishes to conclude that every thing will be done on his part to terminate this affair amicably, and you know enough of me to believe that I am not of a resentful and bloody disposition; and would it not be a savage act in me to blast the happiness of so lovely a creature as Lady Louisa by sacrificing her lover and the man she loves to my vengeance? You will also recollect Lady G.'s words, when she declared her terrors about the consequences that might ensue; "she should never taste another peaceful moment in her life."—Can I destroy the

peace of the best of human beings? You are sure I cannot—set your mind at rest therefore about my future safety and dream no more of duels.

I am, and shall continue to be your's.

LETTER XV.

Charles Mortlake to Arundel.

AH my friend! do you deal fairly with me, and can you think me so shallow-sighted as not to detect your effort at deceiving me? Is the last paragraph of your letter the real language of your heart? It is not. Why did you suppress your answer to Lord G.'s harangue about amicable satisfaction? Why, but because that answer would have cut up the false delusive hopes, which his discourse is intended to convey? But you are mistaken; it conveys no hopes to me; I know you too well to believe he has any interest to divert your mind from the most rigid adherence to those sanguinary

sanguinary laws, which honor, that Moloch of the world's idolatry, has imposed upon its votaries. How often have you and I disputed this point of duelling! and how little have I ever gained upon your mind by those conversations! You have now introduced a new character on the scene, your uncle the General, who seems a master of the art, a professor of modern honor, and I perceive the malady is in your blood, a kind of family disease, not to be eradicated by my Lord's feeble emollients. No, my dear Frank, you throw a very thin cover upon the real purpose of your heart, when you affect to ask if it would not be a *savage act to blast the character of Lady Louisa*; this is not your natural language; truth makes no parade, and your understanding would not stoop to such trite, unmeaning questions, if you was as willing to do, as you are competent to discern, what is right. But that your question, insincere as it is, may not stand unanswered by me, I do say that it is a savage act to blast the happiness even of a person, who has so small a share of your acquaintance as Lady Louisa; how much more of one who loves you as Lady G.! and yet I am apt to believe

there is a heart, in which the wound will sink still deeper than in her's, a heart, which at this very moment throbs with agony, whilst it reflects upon the horrid purpose you are meditating.

Do you suppose I cannot now account for all the time and pains you have devoted to the science of the sword? why was you for ever at the practice with your fencing-master? Not for the reason you gave me, because it was a wholesome exercise, a graceful relaxation in the intervals of study. You providently made yourself perfect in the theory, well knowing that the time was in advance, when you must carry it into practice.

But I have done; what I have said is enough for lamentation; nothing that I could add would suffice for conviction. And therefore, my beloved friend, to the protection of Providence and the government of your own invincible spirit I commit you: may that art you have studied be your defence; may that honor you pursue be your reward; and may the wound you now suffer be the only one you shall ever receive from the hand of the same murderous assassin!

I know

I know nothing of the world you live with, their rules and opinions cannot be controverted by me, for I have neither age, experience, rank or pretensions to oppose to their authority: I take for granted the assault is such as in the language of honor excludes apology, and that the only possible atonement Sir George Revel can make for attempting to kill you, is by giving you a chance of killing him: be it so! if so the law stands, those, who acknowledge the law, must obey the law: at the same time, with humble deference to the law-makers, I must observe it is extremely favorable to the assassin, as it offers him a second chance of doing that, of which he has been once disappointed, and, when the die of fate is to be thrown, gives him two casts to your one.

I have hitherto supposed that the laws of our country gave us redress against assaults; but when men of principle, lovers of justice, (and who has nobler principles, who loves justice more than yourself?) do not apply to those laws, how can I suppose any such are in existence? Duelling it seems then is the only band of society, the safeguard of our personal rights,

rights, our sole preservative against violence; strange paradox this, inexplicable to my dull apprehension, who cannot for the soul of me discover how that which breaks the peace can preserve the peace, how that can defend me from danger, which exposes me to death. Your better knowledge of the world can no doubt expound this riddle, and reconcile these seeming contradictions,

You forbid me coming to you: I will obey you, for, though nothing would prevent me from flying to your misfortunes, I should be an unwilling witness of your errors; nor could the world present to me a more afflicting spectacle than a friend, endowed by nature with a spirit of benevolence, perverted by a compliance with the fashions of the world to a principle of revenge, and thinking no atonement complete till the wrong is expiated with the blood of the offender.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Arundel to Charles Mortlake.

IF the fashions and opinions of mankind were amenable to the laws of reason and religion, I admit with you that no such practice as that of duelling could exist; perhaps the sword itself might be a weapon out of use, or at most be carried peaceably before the chief magistrate of the state, or hung up in terrorem as an emblem of justice, and not brandished as now by the hand of the warrior as an instrument of human slaughter.

But it is one thing to confute the world's opinions by argument, another thing to oppose them by practice. Now it must be owned that there is something in the term Coward so hateful to our ears, that it is more than human nature can put up with to submit to the reproach: the stigma is so terrible, that it is not enough to be conscious of not deserving it; the infamy annexed to it is so general, that it reduces a man to a state of solitude, drives him

him out of all the comforts, all the societies of life, and renders him the object of universal contempt. If then the world will not hear my reason for refusing a challenge, if it will not credit me for those conscientious motives upon which I decline a duel, but with one voice and one mind will rise up against me, and hiss my scruples out of countenance, what shall I do? shall I retire to the woods and the groves, and shrink from the face of my friends, quitting *the cheerful haunts of men* to feast upon my own meditations in retirement, and triumph in the martyrdom of honor at the altar of religion? Who will do this? or grant that there was virtue found in man sufficient for the task, will his example profit or reform the world? Certainly it will not, because the world will never impute it to the true principle, but universally ascribe it to the mean motives of fear and self-preservation? Now if all examples *are given us for edification*, and none can possibly be drawn from mine, to what good purpose is my honor sacrificed? Why am I to separate myself from the great bulk of mankind, and seceding upon principle join those, who have deserted from cowardice,

cowardice, whereby my virtue will be melted into the dregs of their infamy, and the good and the bad be made one common mass, without use or benefit to any living creature?

Without controverting any one of your arguments, let me ask you if I, Francis Arundel, a new and unknown being, drawn out of obscurity (Heaven knows how unwillingly) and just stepping forth into the world, if I am the one dauntless individual to stem the tyranny of an universal fashion. I may retreat, you will tell me, to my primitive obscurity, and hide my head in the oziers on the banks of Cam; but I shall retreat with ignominy; I shall grow loathsome to myself; I shall lose that conscious pride, which is the very soul of energy; even my books will be no longer a resource, for their authors will rise up in judgment against me; every hero will frown upon me as I peruse his annals, and every page will strike the blush of shame into my cheeks: last of all, as the completion of my misery, you, my dear Charles, even you, the very author and adviser of my undoing, you will fall from me, and the friend of my life will be ashamed any longer to acknowledge his own melancholy convert.

But

But shall I only plead prescription in defence of what I am doing, will not the subject bear the test of argument? I am assaulted by a gentleman at the point of his sword, wounded, struck and publicly insulted as a despicable fellow, who has no right to be heard, no pretensions to remonstrate upon equal terms of discussion. The spirit of a Quaker would rise against such an insult: what then am I to do? patiently bind up my wounds, and make him a present of that blood, which is nobler than any his veins contain, who drew it from me? Or shall I prosecute for assault and battery, and present an indictment upon oath that I was put in bodily fear? I tell you, Charles, I will not be perjured by the forms of law, when I can be righted by the laws of honor.

It is well for society, (under correction of religion let me speak it) it is happy for the order, the repose and good manners of the world, that they are not left to the regulations of the law alone; if I am to put up with every affront, that does not break my bones, I must divest my heart of every feeling towards truth, humanity and candour, every sense of justice towards

towards the character of an absent friend, every tenderness for my own, before I commit myself to a company of my fellow-creatures, whose offences could no otherwise be corrected but as they were actionable: whilst there is any distinction to be made between a breach of the peace and a breach of good manners, something must be found to reach those trespasses, which the judge upon the bench can take no cognizance of. Who will be the protector of the fair sex, where will be the shelter for their delicacy, what will stop the mouth of obscenity? Neither judge nor jury. What would become of all those mis-shapen and imperfect beings, nature's neglected offspring, whose infirmities and distortions would make them the butts and buffoons of the rude and boisterous sons of health and vigour, if there was not a resort open to them, which levels the strongest to the weakest? and thanks to that invention, which has armed the feeble family of decrepitude with an instrument, that can awe the insolence of the bully, and can carry death into the breast of the giant from the hand of the pigmy.

Tell me how many virtues are compounded
in

in your general definition of true politeness, and I will prove to you that every one of those component virtues are indebted to the resource of duelling for their place in society. Let speculation calculate the frays, the litigations, the disputes, the brutal violences, that would overthrow society, and then compute if the peace, order and happiness of mankind would not suffer infinitely more interruption from them, than from all our duels, which on an average do not rob the community of more than two or three members in the year. Even morality is interested in the continuance of this check upon the passions and excesses of mankind: it is a curb in the mouth of the drunkard, for the man who is quarrelsome in his cups, learns to restrain his propensity from apprehension of the consequences: there are many, who will not suffer decency to be too grossly violated, none will endure the defamer of female reputation, and though the servants of religion are the sons of peace, there are some loyal spirits, who do not wear the livery of the altar, yet will not suffer the God they love and adore to be blasphemed, nor the faith, into which they are enlisted, to be made the topic
of

of ridicule and the butt of ribaldry. Are there penalties in our statutes for all these various descriptions of offence? Can attorneys settle all the decencies, the decorums of society? Will a jury find damages for my nerves, and can I prosecute for assault and battery upon the sensibility of my heart?

Read your public prints; peruse the bloody page, where the vital reputation of your friend is dissected before your eyes for your morning recreation; the villain is without the law, it cannot reach him; the printer defies you; it is no libel, the author is anonymous. Why does he conceal his name? not because he fears the law, but because the coward dare not face your resentment for the lye he has forged: and were there no personal resentment to dread, the scurrilities of a newspaper would become the talk of the table, and the dastardly defamer, who now stabs you in a paragraph, would insult you face to face, and unless there was a lawyer in company, you would never know where to lay your damages.

Take notice I have nothing to say to the gentlemen, who fight duels for fame's sake. Is law of no benefit to society, because men
will

will resort to it from a litigious spirit? Personal satisfaction is not to be demanded, till peaceable satisfaction is refused, and then only when the injury is of a sort, which according to the established modes of honor cannot be referred to the law, or if referred, cannot be properly redressed. Now it so happens that personal injuries and affronts are generally such, as are either too undefinable for the notice of law, or too great for its due correction; of the former sort, the lye flatly given, is what no man's spirit can put up with, yet there is no legal redress for it whatever; of the latter sort, a blow is indeed a breach of the peace, but the insult does not consist in the violence, with which one gentleman strikes another, and yet the law will take that only into contemplation, which in the sense of honor is no aggravation of the injury; on the contrary the very reverse obtains, for (as in the case of my wound) that, which injures the person most may very possibly affect the honor least.

One more remark your patience will indulge me in with respect to my proficiency in the art of fencing: when I professed to study it as an athletic and salutary exercise, I did not

foresee any other uses I was ever likely to apply it to; at all events I had no purposes in contemplation but defensive ones; and in that light I must consider it as a happy circumstance that I am possessed of an art, which in all probability will enable me to guard my own vitals from an adversary's sword, and guide mine, where the stroke shall not be mortal. Farewell.

LETTER XVII.

Lady Louisa to Lady Jane S.

I Am sick, my dear Jane, sick at heart, and these silly doctors give me medicines for the body, when the malady is in my soul. I will take no more potions; I can counterfeit no longer; their trifling teizes me; I will dismiss them and resort to you. But tell me first, (and reflect before you tell me) is your friendship for me of that pitch, as not to suffer a decline when I have confided to you my weakness?

weakness? Will you persist to love me, even though I cease to merit your love? And when I have degraded myself in your judgment, are you incapable of despising me? Above all things, is your nature strong enough to bear the weight that I shall cast upon it, when all my present sorrows, all that future time may add to my accumulated load, shall be deposited with you and you alone? Remember also, that as my case admits of no cure, I will admit of no prescriptions; when I shall impart it, it will not be for the assistance you can give by your advice, but merely for the comfort I shall receive in my complaining: so far from offering to oppose the poison, I shall require of you to feed it, to provoke it, to enflame it: the time for antidotes is past, and every vein is saturated with the infection. Adieu.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Lady G. to the Hon. Mrs. Dormer.

I Am brought to town by the following mandate from my Lord—

“ Madam,

“ You will remove Lady Louisa to town
“ and come with her yourself. The confusion
“ you have thrown me and my family into by
“ the affront you chose to put upon Sir George
“ Revel at Spring Grove makes your longer
“ residence in that place unadviseable. Had
“ you sent your message by a servant, I could
“ have turned the blame upon him and in
“ some degree saved you ; but when you
“ thought fit to employ Mr. Arundel on your
“ errands, and gratified your pride by turning
“ my secretary into your footman, you took
“ an effectual step for blasting my measures,
“ and have made yourself responsible not only
“ for the blood which has already been shed,
“ but for all the fatal consequences that may
“ ensue.

G.”

VOL. I.

F

This

This is a husband's letter to a wife, who is and ever hath been——let your impartial pen fill up the sentence and describe *what*, how humble, how obedient, must I add how injured? And was it to gratify my pride I employed Mr. Arundel? is that the passion I am actuated with towards him? Alas! alas! I almost wish it were. I have blasted his measures; I am responsible for the blood which is, and all that shall be shed; the former reflection I can survive, the latter rends my heart in pieces.

Well, my beloved friend! I have done; you shall not be wearied with my complaints; I will submit and be silent: I am devoted to misery; the victim of paternal ambition, I am lifted up in life to a *painful pre-eminence*; my heart was never wedded to Lord G. you know it was not, nor his to me, for he chose me by the eye; it was a match of passion on his part, and of splendid unhappiness on mine.

No more of this: I am in London, I have removed Lady Louisa and have surrendered up my charge: so far I have bettered my situation, forasmuch as I was distressed in the extreme about her: I know not what it is that
ails

ails her; there is no describing to you the strange appearances her disorder puts on, and the variety of changes it undergoes; sometimes her dejection is of the most alarming nature; she is silent, sullen, loaths her food and is totally insensible to every thing that is done for her; at other times she is feverish, wandering, her pulse high and rapid, and all her motions quick and violent: I need not conceal from you how irritable her feelings are; and I begin to tremble lest her senses should give way. I dare say you have already anticipated my suspicion of the real cause of her disorder; love in Lady Louisa's case will be all tumult, tempest, madness itself; and I am by circumstances persuaded she is in love with that assassin Sir George; unhappy girl! to be caught by the glittering exterior of a specious villain, as incapable of true love, as he is destitute of true courage. I noted his behavior at the ball, where he first met her, danced with her and behaved as I think would revolt a woman of delicacy: insensible, licentious wretch, he knows not what true love should be.

*Love should be pure,
Harmless as pilgrims kisses on the shrines*

*Of virgin martyrs, holy as the thoughts
Of dying saints, when angels hover o'er them,
Harmonious, gentle, soft; such Love should be,
The Zephyr, not the whirlwind of the soul.*

But I tell you again with this wretch she is in love; with the direst enemy of my peace, with the object of my eternal hatred, terror and aversion, is the child of my affection fatally in love: miserable mother that I am! what have I suffered, what am I not yet to suffer for her sake! I have had an interview with my Lord, in which he has not only thrown all patience out of sight, but distanced every thing that ever went before for violence and rage: when I tell you that he did not strike me, I tell you the only insult he abstained from. Tears, apologies, entreaties had no effect upon him; when his overbearing cruelty had lowered me to a state of humiliation, which no human creature should be reduced to by another, recollection seized me; my nature revolted against such meanness, and I recovered so much understanding of my own dignity as to break forth into the following expostulation:—
My Lord, you bear so hard upon me, and
press

press a wounded spirit with such unremitting cruelty, that I should be unworthy of the name and character you have honored me with, I should be your slave and not your wife, if I was any longer to submit myself to your reproaches : as I perceive it is impossible to mollify your heart, there is nothing left for me but to attempt to harden mine to an insensibility of your unkindness.

With these words I left him, and indeed he did not offer at a reply; I believe he was a good deal startled to see the trampled worm retort upon its oppressor. He is now gone to pay his court to his sovereign, to smile and bow, and soften his ferocious features into the timid air of flattery and submission; whilst I remain at home a silent sufferer under his domestic tyranny.

As soon as he was gone I hastened to offer my apologies where they were really due; but how different was my reception there! He, who might justly have complained of his sufferings for my sake, would not permit me even to condole with him on the misfortunes which I had brought upon him. Ah, my dear, but imprudent friend, why would you even

touch upon so dangerous a subject as the description of his person? Loss of blood and the discipline consequential of his wound have indeed diminished the lustre, but not impaired the sensibility of his countenance; the languor, that has possessed itself of his features, makes them only more interesting than they were. I was to blame for not taking more time to compose myself before I saw him, for he immediately discovered that I had been in tears, nay, I am afraid the very tears betrayed themselves, for you need not be told how very soon the heart is melted into pity, when it has been previously subdued by sorrow; and surely it was a touching spectacle to see him stretched upon a couch, his body swathed with wrappers, his eyes red with pain, and his active limbs deprived of their motion. He noticed the disorder I was in, and in truth it could not be concealed. After fixing his eyes upon me some time with the most compassionate and tender respect, he shook his head, and in a faint tone demanded, if this could be the way to cure him of his wound, by transplanting it into my own bosom?

Would it lessen your pain then, I replied,
if

if I were so insensible as not to participate in what you suffer for my sake.

"It was an ungarded question; he cast down his eyes in silence, and no sooner did I see the blood mounting in his cheeks, than I felt mine kindle at the recollection of what I said. In this moment I had no resource present to my thoughts, but to confess I had been in tears before I entered his room: my Lord had been chiding me severely; my unhappiness on finding myself the improvident author of his misfortunes was great enough without any reproaches to aggravate it beyond what I could bear. Indeed, indeed, said I, he is too cruel to me; he oppresses my weak spirits without mercy, and I can no longer support it.

Reproach me not too seriously for this indiscreet confession of what I could no longer suppress, and which nothing but the dilemma I was in could have drawn from my lips: it is too late to recall it, and there is a balm in pity so healing to a wounded mind, that I scarce can bring myself to repent of having thus unburthened my heart, assured as I am of the honor and discretion of this excellent young man. Besides you will recollect I told you

we had exchanged a promise of mutual confidence when we conversed together in the country: he had imparted to me all his feelings upon the first reception he met with from my Lord; he owned to me that it had given him no flattering impressions of the comforts of his situation, and it was plain enough to see he had already taken a pretty fair measure of his Lordship's character.

It is not necessary to relate to you how tenderly he sympathized in my sufferings; I confess it drew me on to a more explicit discussion of all the various particulars of my unhappy story, as well those, which preceded my connection with Lord G. as all that have since followed. What could I do? was I to blame for giving vent to my sorrows, and how can the human heart support itself without the consolation of some friendly spirit to sympathize with it in it's sufferings? If indeed I were not of an age so distant from his, and so far out of all danger or even possibility of folly, it might be rash and inexcusable to encourage such a connection; but I, who am nearly old enough to be his mother, I, who have neither charms to excite desires, nor propensity

penfity to feel them, what have I to apprehend either for him or myfelf? and why fhould I affect to lay myfelf under a reſtraint in his company, which would only ſerve to expoſe my own ridiculous vanity, and give him juſt occaſion to deſpiſe me for an old coquette? I am determined, therefore, to treat him with that open confidence, which my age and character may ſafely commit themſelves to with one of his modeſty and merit, and indulge myſelf without ſcruple in that pure and maternal affection, which my heart has truly conceived for him. Theſe, and only theſe, are the ſenſations which my attachment to this amiable youth inſpires me with; and he in return ſeems to meet me with the moſt ſpiritualized and even filial devotion; his attentions to me are of the moſt delicate and reſpectful fort; his eyes expreſs the mildeſt benevolence, and every ſentiment is dictated by a heart replete with honor, purity and generoſity; his emotions are ſuch as can only proceed from a ſoul warmed by gratitude and melted by pity; ſurely he is ſent to me by the indulgence of Heaven as a kind of guardian ſpirit to ſupport and comfort me in this extremity, to fill your

place, my beloved friend, and to supply those resources of which I am deprived whilst you are at a distance from me.

When I repeated to him all the cruel things my Lord had said to me, though I could easily discover the effect they had upon him by the changes which his countenance underwent, still he did not suffer a single word of aggravation to escape him, but suggested every thing he could devise that was soothing and conciliatory; observing to me that there must be a variety of incidents, of which I was not apprized, but to which my Lord by his situation was exposed, that might ruffle and disturb his temper; and that allowances should be made for all men, involved as he was in difficult and intricate affairs—Perhaps, added he, Lord G. had adopted other thoughts and opinions with respect to Sir George Revel's attachment to Lady Louisa than you had, and as his pretensions of a certain sort are as high as any man's, it is not unlikely but my Lord may be disposed to his alliance, which indeed in point of policy there can be no objection to, neither is there perhaps any disinclination to be apprehended on the part of the young lady herself.

There,

There, answered I, you touch upon a point, that gives me very serious alarm; for I can foresee nothing but inevitable misery to my daughter with such a man, and yet I fear she is attached to him too seriously to be diverted from it by any thing I might venture to oppose in the way of caution; but alas! what influence have I? or if I had, how dare I to exert it in defiance of my Lord's authority to the contrary? And yet can I submit to see my daughter married to the wretch, who villainously attempted to assassinate my friend? There is but one way in the nature of things, my dear Mr. Arundel, by which I can in any degree be reconciled to such a deplorable connection, and that depends altogether upon you. If you can forgive him, if your generous spirit can admit of his atonement, and pass this action over as the mere action of a mad man without premeditation or malice, I could acquiesce with some patience, especially when I reflected that it was the means of rescuing you from further danger, and prevented consequences, that may otherwise plunge me into misery insupportable, the very thought of which fills my mind with horror.

I cannot doubt but I accompanied these words with more emotion of voice and utterance than I am now aware of, for I perceived they had a very sensible effect upon him: I can recollect that I had his hand in mine, whilst I was delivering them, though I cannot call to mind at what precise moment, nor exactly in what manner I had taken it; I suppose it was by one of those involuntary actions, which escape us in the ferment of the soul, when it is agitated beyond the powers of recollection; but I can well remember that he regarded me with great sensibility and respect, so that I was under less alarm on that account, when I recollected the attitude I was in, and therefore thought I would not wound his feelings, (which in his weak condition are alive to the smallest tokens of unkindness) by withdrawing my hand disdainfully and hastily; on the contrary, observing that he was fallen into deep and silent meditation upon what I had been saying to him, I recalled him to attention by a sudden yet gentle compressure of my fingers, as if to awaken him, and then demanded— if he could have the heart to leave me exposed to all the reproaches of an enraged husband,

by

by pursuing his revenge, in which perhaps he might rush upon death, and by loading my conscience with his blood, drive me to madness?

His reply was such as fills me with alarm: I confess to you, said he, that Lord G. has already moved me to an accommodation with Sir George Revel, and offered his mediation for that purpose. Towards him I found it prudent to observe some finesse, but from you, Madam, I can never hold back any portion of the truth, for you command my heart in every honorable sense of the word. I will not say that the injury I have received, though as deep as can well be, is such as absolutely to preclude accommodation, for I have no thirst for his blood, though it seems he has had for mine; but I must fairly confess I have little expectation that Sir George Revel has magnanimity enough to make that ample submission, which may satisfy my honor, nor am I quite assured that my Lord has all those feelings for my situation, which should urge him to exact a proper and sufficient reparation: besides this, I have put myself into the hands of my uncle Sir Francis Arundel, whose re-

sentment

sentiment on the occasion runs high, and whose family spirit will not be atoned by common satisfaction.

Believe me, Madam, I am penetrated to the heart with the words you have now uttered; to defeat the views, which your Lord's ambition may have formed, cannot be indifferent to me, and to deprive the lovely Lady Louisa of the object of her wishes, (if that object were deserving of her) would be painful in the extreme; but what is shocking to my thoughts above measure, worse than death itself, and more terrible than all things but dishonor and the stamp of ignominy upon my name and character, is to feel myself the author of misery and unmerited reproach to the best and most amiable of her sex; to a suffering wife in whose heart unkindness has already planted its thorns; Oh Lady G. what would I not endure rather than give occasion of unhappiness and pain to you! Believe me, Madam, I shall carry the impression of the sentiments, which I feel at this moment, to the latest hour of my life, and so zealous am I to approve the gratitude, the veneration I entertain for you, that there can be no commands of your's, which it is possible
for

for me to disobey, but such as would expose me to a contempt that would render me unworthy of a friendship, which I value above life itself.

Pity me, my generous, my indulgent friend, pity me, I conjure you, for my conduct at this touching crisis, and condemn me not, if I wanted fortitude to repress the effusions of a bursting heart; I had no longer any command over my tears; they forced their way and fell in showers; exhausted nature sunk under the discharge, and if he had not caught and supported me in his arms, I should have dropt upon the floor. I shudder to think what pain this effort must have given to his wound, for when I recovered sight enough to cast my eyes upon him, he was very pale and as I thought in danger of fainting; my agonies were now all directed to his present danger; I trembled for the mischief I had done; I even expected to see the blood start from his wound and pictured to myself all the horrors of his immediate death before my eyes: it was too much for human nature to support—I know not what I said; I know not what I did: Nature must answer for it; her impulse governed me,

me, I was but a machine in her hands; he saw my situation, and is too noble not to allow for it, too pure, too virtuous, too respectful to presume upon it; I will trust his honor for the fairest interpretation, and I rest it on your candor to confirm it—No more—Farewell!

L E T T E R X I X .

Hon. Mrs. Dormer to the Countess of G.

WHAT a variety of passions hath your letter excited in a bosom, which, if time had done its duty, would before this have been deadened and benumbed by years! but it hath been the sport, the victim of your pen. Never more will I keep any terms with your unfeeling Lord: when I had seated you in the full possession of my heart, I wished to have reserved a corner of it for him; but he is for ever thrust out and excluded; let ambition take him in, he is not fit for the society of benevolence; let pride adopt him, let him
take

take refuge in his politics; to the angry spirit of party, to the tides and tempests of a contentious world I turn him over with disdain: whilst he meanly truckles in the presence of Princes, he is a monster of cruelty in the sacred privacy of domestic virtue. Oh! that you should be destined to call him Husband, and I not permitted to regard him as a Friend!

What a contrast have you displayed in the picture of that wounded youth! What a revolution do you make in the sensations of my heart, when you shift the scene to the chamber of my beloved Arundel! Yes, my gentle friend, I call him my beloved, for I will struggle with you, even to animosity, for some share in his regards: what tell you me of being old enough to be his mother? it is no such thing; but I am more than old enough to be your's, and therefore if age is to be the test of our pretensions, the prize to struggle for, the plea for friendship, how much stronger is my claim than your's? Fear me not however; I shall not be formidable to you: *A man may not marry his grandmother*: I shall be contented with a little plain good-will; you are mistress of his affections.—Do not start, my dear; I have

have not yet said he is master of your's.—If Arundel will only hear me talk, it is all I require of him: vanity never totally wears itself out in old age; it only shifts its ground; mine is as lively as ever, but it has been long since driven out of the strong post of beauty, and now maintains a kind of dying combat on the field of understanding: we chatter nonsense all our youth through, and lisp out feeble efforts at wit in our old age: now I have a mighty prepossession that Arundel will allow me all the charms that I have any chance of being flattered for; I intend to make him own that I am a very charming old woman, the best *tete-à-tete* in England, and the way, that I shall take to make him so fond of my conversation, will be by dedicating the whole of it to a delineation of your character; yes, my most beloved lady, I shall be your faithful historian; I have known you from your cradle, you are all but my own child; the modest sensibility of your nature, which shrinks back from vulgar observation, the inborn virtues of your soul, which a husband's overbearing tyranny awes into silence and *frights from their propriety*, are all known and familiar to me—

Set in a note-book, learn'd and conn'd by rote.

And now what think you of your friend and me? Shall not Arundel and I be good company together? Which of all the *blue stockings* will rival me in wit? The hags will have no share in him; we shall divide him between us; you will possess his heart, and I shall engross his ear.

Do you think I do not know to whom I am talking, and of what I am talking? Yes, I am talking of the purest passion, which the human heart can entertain, to a woman of the purest principles; I am speaking of love to Lady G. —“But love is prohibited to a wife.”—Did nature make that law? will nature obey that law? Happiness may be prohibited; the light of Heaven may be forbidden; but it must be the edict of a tyrant, not the voice of justice, which violates the common rights of human kind—Who gave the heart those generous feelings, which answer to the names of benevolence, sympathy, compassion, generosity, gratitude and the whole family of human charities? Who, but the same gracious Being, who, compounding all these several qualities

into

into one essence, called it *Love*, and then invited all creation to participate of the blessing? With this celestial essence thy clay, my dearest lady, is most liberally tempered: to your husband you tendered the first oblations; he spurned them from him, insensible man! but did he therefore extinguish them? It was not in his power; he crushed the blossoms but he could not kill the root.

I trust nobody will tell me that love, though rejected, shall still be love, because it is sanctified by the rites of marriage: there must be some *mighty conjuration* in those rites to overrule the principles of nature before this can be effected. But though this will not bear a dispute, and it must be on all hands allowed, that love cannot be called nor recalled by any form of words; yet how many will tell us, that a wife, though she cannot love her husband, ought not to love any other man? I shall much sooner be brought to confess the danger of such love, than the crime of it: But to whom does the danger apply? To the weak, the vain, the unprincipled; to them it is danger, not because the passion, which draws them into danger, is love
in

in its true and virtuous character, but because it is the counterfeit of love, composed of false and vicious propensities: Why then preach to you, whose nature of itself revolts from all impurity? Is virtue only amiable to us in our own sex? Shall not courage, generosity and other manly qualities have their claim upon our hearts? Because I am wedded to cruelty, shall I love cruelty? shall I not prefer and admire the character, where gentleness, benevolence, pity are to be found? and if these virtuous attributes chance to be inmates of a heart, which the divine artificer has inclosed in a fair and comely mould, shall I start aside and call it danger, because it approaches me in the shape and likeness of a man? No, I will embrace and cherish it without fear or hesitation, convinced that Virtue is of an essence so spiritualized, as not to admit of the distinctions of either sex or age, and is, wherever it resides,

In its own shape how lovely!

Certain it is, that in a fairer tenement than the person of Arundel virtue never was or will be lodged; it is a rich jewel in a splendid

did setting, and for my part, I am not one that affect to be enamoured of those rough diamonds, which are only to be known by their hardness, not by their lustre—by their property of cutting every thing they are tried upon, and admitting no impression to be made upon themselves.

Having thus pleaded for the rights of Nature, and argued the point with you as her candid advocate, let me speak a word on the part of Prudence.

You certainly should have allowed yourself more time for recollection between your interviews; when you passed without any interval from a scene, which must have shewn your husband in a light so unfavorable, to say no worse of it, to one which displayed a contrast so advantageous to Arundel, you certainly did not consult your usual discretion; for you came with all the impulses of a bleeding heart fresh and in full force; resentment had broken down your defences, sorrow had undermined them; even pity in those moments, so soft in itself, becomes by circumstance a formidable assailant; whilst the angry glances of an insulting tyrant have not yet abated of their
8 impression,

impression, and the nerves which he had racked are still quivering with the torture, how sweet is it to behold the eyes of love glistening with compassion, to press the hand of affection reached forth for our relief! 'Tis a crisis in which Virtue throws away her armour, and may she then encounter Love in no other form but that of innocence! Can I wonder that you melted into tears, that you sunk upon his neck with tenderness and gratitude, that you *know not what you said and what you did?* I cannot wonder, if the spirit, when it is gone out from the body, no longer knows what passes in the prison it has escaped from: a thief may steal into the habitation it has deserted and rifle it at pleasure; but Heaven be thanked, Arundel is no thief, your virtue is reinstated in its citadel, the bars and bolts are again made fast, and Prudence, its centinel, is returned to her post.

Another word or two, my lovely pupil, by the way of caution—Do not tell me of your *maternal affection*; there's hypocrisy on the face of it; you have no *maternal affection* for Arundel; you can have none. Have not I the reckoning of your age? did not your last birth-day

birth-day number thirty and five years? Consult your looking-glass; think as humbly as you please whilst you survey that face and form, which it will reflect upon you, and then say to me, if you dare, that grace and beauty are not present to your view in their tenderest, their most touching period: the glare of complexion, the effervescence of youth are gone by; beauty hath withdrawn her more brilliant tints from the portrait; but sensibility has added ten thousand interesting touches, which speak more to the heart than the fresher hues once did to the eye; they may indeed awaken less admiration, but they inspire more love: a shade of sorrow thrown upon the finest features in nature, a pensive cast, which rather menaces than marks decay, only shew that time has begun to put his pencil to the canvass, not maliciously but feelingly, not with an intent to deface it, but to soften down its hardnasses, and make it's harmony more sweet and mellow.

I will tell you another thing, which perhaps you are not aware of, and this it is—a very young man, whose taste is not vitiated by sensuality, and whose mind is of the sentimental

mental and pathetic cast, will be more captivated by a woman of your ladyship's age and stile of beauty, than by all the florid charms of a girl, though she were as attractive as your own daughter. Apply this to Arrundel, and you will perceive he is the very man to feel those impressions, and yourself the very woman to inspire them. Talk no more therefore either of your maternal or his filial affections; for you cannot deceive me; and you ought not to deceive yourself; use a plainer language, call it love; speak without disguise, when you speak to me; confide to me the most secret movements of your heart; tell me every thing unequivocally as it passes, not to gratify my curiosity, but to relieve your own thoughts, to satisfy your doubts, to strengthen your resolution, to guard and support your virtue.

You see I am no stern monitress; I can caution you without accusing; I can moralize without pedantry. I repose entire confidence in your discretion; you may with equal security rely upon my honor.

Farewell.

L E T T E R XX.

Lady Louisa G. to Lady Jane S.

THANKS to you, my dear Jane, my best thanks! You have banished all my scruples: your letter is your heart, and your heart is truth itself: you are the very comforter I wish for; in your friendship I shall find the only cordial that can relieve me.

You have heard the sad fracas that has happened, as I may say, in our family; for the quarrel was first started in our house at Spring-grove. All the world says, that Sir George Revel was shockingly in fault; but all the world believes I don't think so. You was with me at the Duchefs's ball, when I danced with him, and can witness how conspicuous his attentions were to me: Do I call them *his attentions*? Sir George Revel's self-preservation is much too great to descend to any thing that in the most distant degree can carry an appearance of humility. His own dear person is the idol of his worship, and
he

he has made it as rich in gold and precious stones as the Lady of Loretto. He is also very *fine*, in the fashionable sense of the word, and very insolent in the plain sense of it. He said very fine things to me, as he might think them; but as I know they were only said to display his own wit and address, I cared very little about them. He persuaded himself he had made a very serious impression, and I was sensible he had made a very ridiculous one. My father was well pleased; for there is every worldly recommendation in the connection. My mother was much displeased; for she despises money, and is insensible to ambition. The rest of the good company, who were uninterested lookers-on, and did not care which way the game went, married us without loss of time, as the readiest way of disposing of us.

You yourself, my dear Jane, have been in the general error till this moment, when I declare to you from my heart, that I scorn and detest Sir George Revel: I look upon him with horror; I cannot hear his name without shuddering; he is the terror of my very dreams; I would sooner leap alive into the

flames, than marry that most hateful of wretches.

Notwithstanding this, prepare yourself to hear that I am about to do this very thing, so much more terrible than the worst of torments. Oppose not that report even with a doubt; give it not so much as a silent shake of your head when you meet it. Every body knows our intimacy, and if you hesitate, my hypocrisy will transpire; the consequence of that will be, that the duel between Sir George and Mr. Arundel must take place.

Ah! my dear friend, that fatal week at Spring-grove: how little did I suspect, when my father told us he should bring down an awkward lad from the university, to be humanized in our society, that my eyes were to encounter a form, where every grace of mind and person, every manly charm, every captivating talent, unite to conquer. Mr. Arundel is the son of a younger brother of Sir Francis Arundel, whom all the world knows; his father is in the church, and as his uncle has an heir, this young man has very little else to look to but his expectations of being provided

vided for by my father. He has the character of being an incomparable scholar, and my mother, who has had much more of his company than I have, is quite charmed with him. I cannot say that he takes the way of making his court to my father; for he is very high-minded, and won't flatter. The first night of his coming we had music; with some persuasion he accompanied me in a concerto: to my astonishment I heard a perfect master on the violin; and it was a composition he could never have seen before. His performance charmed me so, that though I was forbidden to sing, I was determined he should accompany me in one of my best songs: he did it with such delicacy of taste, and supported me with so fine a symphony, that his tones perfectly inspired me, and I was never so much in humor with my own voice before. O Nature, had you not done enough, but Art must add this accomplishment to make him irresistible?

When my father went back to town, he left Mr. Arundel with us. It was from thence your hapless friend must date her sorrows. He was our sole companion; all around us was

retirement, silence, tranquillity, and a season which conspired with love to assail my too susceptible heart. What qualities, what sentiments, what talents, did I then discover, as his character unfolded itself to my observation! He conversed, he read—Oh Jane, there is the very soul of harmony in his voice. He walked with us, he amused us with a thousand various resources, he instructed us by a thousand various ways, but with such modesty of nature, with so pure a mind, with an understanding so enlightened, yet so void of pedantry, with manners so refined, and with a countenance—Oh heavens! *I shall never look upon his like again.*

As for me, seeing, as I do, the impassable gulph that is between us, attracted by nature, repelled by fate, I stood gazing like a self-devoted victim on the very brink of ruin, measuring with my eye the insurmountable barrier that parted us for ever. Sometimes I was desperately impelled to the attempt; to perish in the gulph, methought, would be a speedier consummation of my misery, than languishing on the bank till suspense and disappointment ended me. Sometimes I invoked a nobler resolution

solution to my aid ; I took counsel of my pride ; I brought into review the nobility of my birth, my rank, my fortune, all the splendors of life, that awaited, and even solicited my acceptance. Shall I lower my ambition to take thought of a dependant ? shall I descend to such obscurity ? Grant for a moment I were abject enough to stoop from such a height to such a depth, how should I support the terrors of a father's wrath ? how shall I face him, whose mildest look never yet relaxed from its authority, whose very smile awes me into submission ? I dare not do it ; be the consequences what they may, I can die, but I dare not disobey.

Fortified with these reflections, and made resolute even by my fears, I turned aside, and sought relief in solitary meditation ; I confined myself to my chamber ; I resigned him totally to my mother, who seemed no whit less enamoured than myself, though doubtless not with my degree of danger, not with my tumult of heart ; forbid it Heaven ! not with my agony of passion.—And yet—what am I saying ?—No, she is all serenity and calmness—I am all storm and tempest ; the govern-

ment of her soul has ever been a model of perfection, orderly, correct, chastised, and pure, without a spot or blemish: but mine, alas, my soul.—To you, my Jane, and to you only, let me pour forth my feelings.—What shall I say it is? a whirlwind is too tame a word.—Ah me! my poor head turns; the tears gush forth; my thoughts are lost; I must break off, and pause for recollection.

I'll not look back to what I have written. I am very ill, my dear Jane; read me with pity, not with scorn; take me as I am, a creature scarce itself. They tell me I must go into the south of France for the recovery of my health: silly people! what has south, or north, or any point of the compass, to do with my health? Can the air of Montpellier breathe peace into my heart? Is forgetfulness the growth of France? Can the Alps smother affection? can they screen me from the vision of Arundel? Yet I will go into the south of France; to the farthest land upon the globe I will gladly go, rather than meet him again.

I never see him now, though we are under the same roof; for he is wounded, and I am wounded,

wounded, and neither of us can rise from our couches. Oh! execrable monster, Sir George Revel! The murderer, to strike his sword into the breast of a defenceless man! Assassin, coward! where was his heart, when he meditated the blow? where were his eyes, when he directed it? Could not the radiancy of an angel dazzle him? Could not the express image of virtue overawe his impious rage? The guardian spirit of innocence turned aside the point of his weapon; it glanced upon the side of Arundel, and blood—*such as angels shed*—followed the stroke.

I am ill again; my brain whirls, and I run into mere rhapsody. I have done for the present. My dear Jane, adieu! Love me, spare me, pity me! forget my folly, but remember my affection. Believe, that whilst I am myself, I am yours. Farewell.

LETTER XXI.

Lady Louisa G. to Lady Jane S.

SOON after I had closed my last letter, I was seized with a profuse bleeding at the nose: it frightened these good people, but it relieved me: my head is better, and my thoughts more collected.

There is a negotiation in advance between Mr. Arundel and that wretch; my father is the mediator, and the first article of the treaty conditions, that I shall consent to receive proposals from Sir George; for you must know *the monster is loving*, and will do justice, if he is well bribed for it. Is it not an honest artifice to train him on in hope, till he has made atonement for his murderous assault? Can any thing be a criminal deceit, which saves the life of Arundel? for *the monster* is a duellist at all points, and loves fighting so well, that he won't wait till his antagonist is armed, and is particularly resolute with his naked sword against a naked man. Till this mat-

ter is made up, I won't stir; when that is over—

Hide me, ye caverns! cover me, ye Alps!

Montpelier as well as any other place; any other place as well as Montpelier.

A message from Arundel by my mother.—He is shocked to hear I have had so violent a bleeding.—Yes, Arundel! *I've paid you blood for blood.*—Your wound is healing, mine rankles at my heart. Poor fellow! he knows it not, he little dreams how mere a murderer he is.—He recommends a styptic, with which it seems the surgeon stopt his bleeding.—I begged my mother to thank him for his concern about me, and assure him I had a more effectual styptic in resource. It was an inconsiderate answer, for my mother took the meaning instantly, and burst into tears. Heaven preserve thee, my child, cried she; may I never live to see thy death!—and then, thinking to raise my spirits, she began to talk of Sir George Revel; she flattered herself all things were now in a fair train to be accommodated; Mr. Arundel was penetrated with my situation, and would strain every point

with his uncle Sir Francis to acquiesce in the apology: he had even promised, if the worst ensued, that he would never take a life, in which my happiness was interested; he would sooner sacrifice his own.—Mistaken, generous man! was this a styptic?—Yes, it made my blood run back upon my heart.—At that moment a sudden impulse seized me; I forgot my resolution, and would have given worlds to see him. I thought my mother seemed to understand my wish, or perhaps it was her own, for she divides the day between us. I enquired if he was recovering; if he could rise from his couch without trouble; if he could walk from one room to another: I was then in my dressing-chamber, for I cannot endure the confinement of my bed. I was sitting in my great chair opposite to a large glass that is placed between the windows; I caught a glance of my pallid, faded face; my spirits sunk at the sight; I could not bear that he should see me such a spectacle: I suppressed the wish, and said no more.

My father is almost frantic with vexation at my illness; he is indefatigable with Sir George; he has reported the affair to the King, and
received

received his Majesty's command to forbid their proceeding to any further extremities on pain of his displeasure. I hope this will silence the old General Sir Francis, and qualify his fiery spirit; he is a most profound courtier, and upon the best terms with my father: he comes frequently to his nephew, but I believe his visits do not promote his recovery; at least my mother is of that opinion.

Alas! my poor mother; she is far from well: my father bears too hard against her on account of this unhappy rupture with Sir George: I know he has given her very angry words, though she is too considerate of me to confess it. Poor Arundel is no less out of favor with him on the same score; but as it is his interest to sooth him at this moment, he affects to shew him much attention.

Farewell, my dear Jane; my spirits are lighter than they were; a gleam of comfort comes over me, and I feel a tranquillity which I have hitherto been a stranger to. Sleep steals upon me: welcome, sweet oblivion!

LETTER

LETTER XXII.

Lady Louisa G. to Lady Jane S.

AFTER two hours sleep in my chair, I awoke with strength and spirits sensibly refreshed. Surely my guardian angel, which had personated Arundel in my dream, had descended upon my heart *with healing on his wings*: so strongly were the form and features of that beloved youth imprinted on my mind's eye, that when I awaked I looked about the room, and hardly could persuade myself it was illusion: his voice was yet left in my ear; I listened, all was silence; I spoke to him; I solicited a reply: it was past; reality of happiness is not for me. Oh charming vision, how shall I recall thee?

My mother crept softly into my room, and was overjoyed to find the alteration in my countenance so much for the better: she says my looks, before I had the bleeding, were so wild and delirious, that they terrified her beyond measure. She don't like to talk of

Arundel

Arundel to me, for she believes I am at bitter enmity with him on Sir George's account; yet she brought me good news of his recovery, which she said was so far advanced, that he could walk about his chamber with tolerable ease; that there was to be a meeting of the parties concerned for receiving Sir George Revel's apology; she hoped soon to congratulate me upon all differences being accommodated; but this she believed would depend altogether upon Mr. Arundel's knowing what my wishes were in the case, and therefore if I had no objection to a short interview with him, she knew he would be very glad to say a few words to me before the parties met; and in truth, if I found my strength and spirits equal to the task, she thought it might be a mutual benefit to both parties, and prevent any further effusion of blood.

Oh my dear Jane, what a trepidation seized my heart at this moment! The vision of Arundel was about to be realized. I took some time to recover myself; and the better to divert my mother's attention from the agitation I was in, pretended to adjust some
little

little articles of my dress, (my face was not now so pale and languid as it was when I looked last in the glass) and having settled a few other preliminaries, which female vanity cannot dispense with, I desired her Ladyship to signify to Mr. Arundel that I expected the favor of his visit.

She accompanied him to my door but no further: the moment was too much for me; I was alone with Arundel; the beloved image I had seen in my dream, whose words yet murmured in my ears, whose tender caresses still impressed a melting softness on my soul, was now in person before me, and the shadow was converted into substance. I sunk back in my chair; he sprung to my assistance, and, gently taking my hand in his, demanded if he should call Lady G. to me: to this I replied—By no means; pray, sit down, Mr. Arundel, and do not be alarmed for me: I have been a good deal weakened by the loss of blood; we are fellow-sufferers in that particular; but I am in all other respects much better than I have been; I think myself greatly recovered within these few hours.

I am overjoyed to hear it; but if the honor
you

you have now indulged me in is to cost you any sufferings by the exertion it occasions, I shall never forgive myself for having made the request.

I shall proceed to give you the substance of our dialogue, and leave it with you to assign the parts to their respective performers.

Mr. Arundel, I request you will consider your own situation, and place yourself as much at your ease, as if I was not present. It is very flattering that you should wish to come to me, as I am sure your motives cannot but be kind and friendly. If one of us is to suffer by the exertion this occasions, I am much afraid the misfortune will be your's, for I suspect your good-will to me may have brought you out of your chamber too soon for your safety.

When I am in your service, Madam, it is not possible for me to think of danger:—What I wish to have now the honor of saying to you will I hope be understood by you as dictated by the sincerest respect; if I seem guilty of any presumption in requesting this interview, I beseech you to believe it can only spring from the interest I presume to take in your happiness. I need not tell your Ladyship that

the inconvenience I suffer at present is the effect of an accident, which took place in consequence of a certain misunderstanding that originated at Spring Grove. Accidents of this sort are so easily settled, that there would not be the least occasion for the meeting which Lord G. has appointed here this day, neither should I consent to be present at it, if I were not given to understand that your Ladyship has something more than general wishes for an amicable termination of all differences.

I have indeed, Mr. Arundel, very earnest, very anxious ones.

You will stop me if I proceed too far, but I wish to make myself correctly understood, without trespassing on your delicacy: I must beg to be more particular—I have been told you are interested in the consequences that may ensue—

Heaven only knows how much.

Indeed! that's strong—but I respect your sincerity. I am then to conclude, Lady Louisa, from what you have been pleased to tell me, that were I to pursue my resentment against Sir George Revel to the extremity, which would naturally result from such transactions as have passed between him and me, I should
put

put a life to hazard, that is dear and valuable to you.

Mr. Arundel, I will not forfeit the sincerity you are pleased to commend in me; I confess you would put a life to hazard, was you to meet Sir George Revel in the field, that is dear to me.

It is enough, Madam! I am satisfied.

Dear to me beyond expression, valuable above all earthly considerations.

I am fully satisfied: all my resentments, however just and natural, are for ever buried in my bosom; there they shall subside, nor ever endanger the happy object, you have honored with you love. Oh! that he may prove worthy of his happiness!—I now for the first time very sincerely rejoice that I was not armed when he attacked me, that I had no sword in my hand to return that death upon him, which he aimed at me.

Had you but seen his countenance whilst he spoke these words!—Where was his intelligence, that he failed of applying to himself those equivocal answers I gave? Where was my resolution, that I did not boldly turn upon him those awakening words—*Thou art the man?*

man? Generous Arundel, dull only to thine own merits, blind only to a partiality in thine own favor, which in no other case could have escaped thy notice!

He made a pause and cast his eyes upon me with so penetrating a look, that I apprehended he had made a very interesting discovery, and was so thoroughly abashed that I could not utter a word in reply to the very generous speech he had made me: he certainly perceived my embarrassment, though I had soon reason to know he had not interpreted it truly, for he proceeded as follows:—

What honor I may leave behind me in this affair I cannot pretend to say, but I shall have to reflect it is for your sake I am sacrificed, and that reflection will heal every wound. I can break off from the world without regret, the short acquaintance I have made with it will not cost me many sighs to renounce; and there are opportunities enough for my choice, where I may have a chance at least of recovering my lost honor.

Good Heavens! Mr. Arundel, what can you mean? what desperation is in your mind? You alarm me.

Heaven

Heaven forbid I should alarm you! Be assured, Lady Louisa, that whilst you are the protectress of Sir George Revel, he is in the sanctuary of an altar, that I cannot violate. Let him devote to gratitude the life you give him; let him dedicate it to those pure and delicate attentions, which may constitute your happiness: if in any future time it should come to pass that to the injuries he has done to me he basely adds an injury to his benefactress, in that moment my sword shall find him out, and the vengeance, now smothered, burst with double justice on his head.

Oh Jane! I am undone in his opinion; I suffered him to continue in his ignorance, nay I had not power to undeceive him, though I had been ever so willing, for I was now in no condition to reply: the tears started from my eyes; I trembled with agitation, I hid my face with my handkerchief, and threw myself back in my chair.

He rose from his seat uncertain what to do; he came close to my chair as if to tender his assistance; on a sudden he stopt short and turning from me said, that he was afraid he had expressed himself very inconsiderately, for which he begged my pardon.

I assured

I assured him it was not so; on the contrary I had heard nothing from him but what did honor to his sentiments; perhaps, added I, you have mistaken me in some particulars, but time will clear up all things; to that I must refer you, and by that I trust I shall be justified in your opinion.

I hope, he replied, your Ladyship does not suspect me capable of so much presumption as to form opinions for or against any resolutions you may think fit to adopt; I should be of all men most impertinent were I to interest myself in any predilections of Lady Louisa's, further than to follow her choice with my good wishes, wherever it may lead me; but though I cannot prevent those wishes from springing in my mind, I can and will prevent their escaping from my lips, and I solemnly assure you that not a syllable of what has now passed shall ever transpire from me. I am now going to receive Sir George Revel's apology, totally indifferent as to what it may be, determined only to extricate your mind from its anxiety on his account.

And can you not suppose that I am an enemy to duels upon general as well as particular motives? is there any thing in nature so barbarous

barous and savage, so opposite to every principle of justice, humanity and religion? Should I not be in some degree an accessory to the fatal consequences that may be expected to ensue, if I failed to employ that influence for your preservation, which I owe to your voluntary bounty? When you kindly invest me with a power over your resentments, by which I can prevent the effusion of human blood, would it not be criminal in the extreme if I neglected to exert it? Assuredly it would; and therefore, Mr. Arundel, I repeat to you my most earnest entreaties to accept of the atonement, which Sir George Revel is prepared to offer, by doing which you will relieve me from unspeakable agonies, and restore me to my health and spirits.

Is there any thing, exclaimed he, I would not do or suffer in such a cause? From this moment Sir George Revel and I have no quarrel; and that we never may in time to come, it shall be my concern to provide against all chances of our ever meeting again: so I do but hear that you are happy, I cannot be an enemy to the man, who makes you so.

So saying he disappeared, and left me to reflect

reflect upon the *pious fraud* I had been practising; my thoughts fluctuated alternately from pain to pleasure without observing any regular and determinate course; I accused myself for suffering him to depart under an impression, that must degrade me in his opinion; but of this I soon acquitted myself by reflecting that but for this imposition, there would have been no possibility of preventing the duel, and I took credit for having now done as great a violence to my feelings for his safety, as he had done to his honor for my repose.

The day I hope is not far off when Arundel shall know whose was the life so dear and valuable to me, and for whose sake I suffered all these terrors. Farewell.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXIII.

Countess of G. to the Hon. Mrs. Dormer.

Y O U R letter, my dear friend, alarmed me. Is my heart better known to you than to myself? Am I in this danger and not conscious of it? am I in love with Arundel?

It is time indeed to recollect myself. Where am I? On a precipice—and yet methinks, if this were so, your friendly voice would call me back, not urge me forward, as you now seem to do. Had I indeed descended into the vale of years, where life's passage becomes smooth and even, and where no rocks nor precipices obstruct the traveller, still some prudence would be necessary to avoid the traps and pits that folly digs even in that level path: but if I have only turned the summit of the hill and am not yet landed at the bottom of it, should not I, who ascended with credit, be cautious to descend without disgrace?

Surely then you treat me either with too much confidence or with too little care.

VOL. I.

H

Your

Your letter is a dangerous letter for a wife to read, whose mind is actuated by resentment on one hand and by love on the other. You have not only studied the French writers so closely, but lived so long in their country, that methinks you are become a kind of advocate for their matrimonial system, and plead for the propensities of woman's frail nature with as much ingenious sophistry and as little solid argument as the best of them.

Will you believe me when I tell you I did not see Arundel for six hours after I had read your letter? I passed that day in reviewing and examining the state of my heart, and I began to flatter myself into a persuasion that you had decreed wrongfully against it. I found a thousand natural excuses for the weakness I had given way to, when I had my first interview with Arundel after his wound; I was then exhausted and afflicted by the reproaches of Lord G.; Louisa's illness kept my spirits in continual alarm; and the spectacle which Arundel presented to my sight was peculiarly affecting. In this manner I accounted with myself for the little command I had over my feelings at a certain crisis, which I was firmly persuaded would not happen any more.

Elated

Elated with the issue of this self-examination, I took up your letter with an air of satisfaction, and gave it a more attentive perusal than before, when I had read it with timidity and a certain conscious reproach.

It soothed my agitated spirits, it lulled them into security; And what is this fear-created phantom, said I within myself, which I have raised up to alarm me? why should I not indulge this pleasing partiality for a deserving object? and though I may no longer call it a *maternal affection*, yet I have the authority of a judicious friend and the testimony of a clear conscience for pronouncing it to be an innocent one.

Here I must break off, as Arundel has desired to see my daughter, if her health permits, before the parties meet for settling this affair with Sir George Revel. Louisa has had a long sleep and waked much refreshed by it; she consents to see him; I will continue my letter when their interview is over.

Arundel is now in conference with Louisa. To what purpose shall I any longer keep up a reserve and dissemble with my own heart?

why should I disguise from you the pleasure I received in the few moments I have now passed with Arundel after the long intermission, which my scruples had imposed upon me? The very sight of him put all remonstrances to flight and silenced my inquietude. Nothing so gentle can be dangerous; there was a temperate dignity in his looks, that would have assured the most suspicious, encouraged the most timorous. He is the very soul of honor; and if it is your pleasure to call my virtuous attachment by the name of Love, love let it be!—so long as virtue is annexed to it and you approve, what shall I fear? I wait his return with impatience.

In the mean time let me reveal to you the very inmost movements of my heart.—You chided me for affecting to shelter myself under the privileges of age, and at the same time reminded me of a certain date; which I confess does not remove me far beyond the confines of youth. I own to you I am flattered by your reproof, and not very much out of humour with my looking-glass for deposing to the truth of your calculation: neglected by my husband and cast off from his attentions, I had ceased to consult it with any satisfaction; but
now,

now, since I have perceived new passions springing in my heart, and have your privilege for indulging them, I survey myself with conscious pleasure, and am glad to discover, that, though mother to a full-grown daughter, I have not quite made over my whole stock of attractions, but kept a residue to animate the cold respects of friendship, and inspire the sensitive bosom of youth with those soft and interesting emotions, which quicken all the springs of affection without disturbing the repose of virtue.

Like a reclaimed spendthrift, I am now managing the remains of a diminished property with more œconomy and care than ever I bestowed upon the entire stock; and I can perceive that beauty, amongst many properties which have led us to compare it to a flower, hath this in common with all the deciduous tribe, that though its principal display of vegetation is in the spring, yet its energy is still reserved for what is called its *midsummer-shoot*.

Alas for me! you can witness what a joyless spring mine was; how little did he, to whom my bloom was dedicated, prize what he possessed! and now from being careless, he is

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become

become morose: but let me not complain; and you, my friend, you must not be too exact in shewing me all my injuries: the honor of a wife, when depending on no other stay but that of duty, is like a vessel riding at her single anchor, which in a smooth sea may hold; but, if a storm assails her, is but a precarious safeguard from its fury.

Arundel is now advancing fast in his recovery, and my Lord, whose great ambition is to call an unprincipled assassin son-in-law, labours hard for peace: the vast possessions of Sir George Revel, not forgetting the weight of his parliamentary interest, are merits sufficient, in his Lordship's balance, to make his scale preponderate; and my poor girl, whose reason seems no less debilitated than her constitution by a round of pleasurable dissipation, is as eager as her father to snatch the glittering bait, insensible to the fatal, the envenomed hook, which is lurking under it. In the meantime I, who am a mere negative being, without influence and without effort, am fallen under my Lord's most unjust suspicion as being a medler in his measures, and industrious to prejudice my daughter's mind against the projected

projected alliance with Sir George: truth is my witness, that since the fatal affair at Springgrove, I have never once ventured upon the subject with Louisa, nor is it likely that I ever shall. Though I have more than once made these assertions to my Lord, I suspect they have gained no great belief; for I am straitly watched, and enquiries never fail to be made how often I have been with my daughter, how long I staid with her, and what passed between us; so that I attend upon her no more than my duty naturally requires of me, and on those occasions am extremely guarded how I betray the least dislike of her connection with Sir George.

Thus discarded as I am from any interest or authority in the concerns of my own family, under the displeasure of my husband, and upon reserve with my daughter, my sole resource is in the society of Arundel. With him I sit, by his tender attentions I am reconciled to my situation, and for the time forget how truly insignificant I am become to all the world but him: he sees how totally I depend upon him; and I cannot doubt but my eyes, which dwell with such delight upon

his countenance, have told him to conviction how devotedly my heart adores him. Familiarized to each other, he no longer treats me with that form and distance which rank exacts from our inferiors on a first acquaintance: still he is the only man I ever met, who knows how to be familiar with elegance, tender with respect, and perfectly at ease without one trace of unpoliteness. Good manners seem in him constitutionally inherent, for they are never out of sight a single instant: and through all the little services, which my assiduity to assist him in his painful situation is for ever offering him, not a touch, a look, a word beyond the limits of a modest though affectionate respect have I once experienced from him. This gives me a security in his discretion; and now that I have gained a confidence in myself from the encouraging explanation in your letter, I have a privilege for indulging all those tender propensities, which impel my heart towards the most amiable of mankind, and make the moments that I pass with Arundel so innocently charming. With joy I have discovered his approaches advance step for step with mine; he now takes my hand in his, looks fondly

fondly in my eyes, as they are either suffused with tears of pity for the pain he suffers, or brightened by the smile of gratitude and love, whilst he comforts me in my misfortunes, and in the accents of an angel counsels me with the wisdom of one. In these happy moments I have seen the rising colour overspread his cheeks, his breath fluttering, and his eyes fixed ardently upon mine: believe me, my beloved friend, *there is no terror in those looks*; his bosom is the repository of honor, his heart is tender, but it is pure withal; there is a dignity in his nature, an inherent power within him that keeps those passions, so rebellious in some breasts, under perfect controul in his: 'tis then I truly venerate his character; 'tis then I pay the tribute due to his exalted merit; 'tis then I let him see without reserve how much I love and honor him. Farewell.

LETTER XXIV.

Countess of G. to the Hon. Mrs. Dormer.

I HAD scarce sealed my last letter when Louisa sent to say she was alone, and wished to see me. Mr. Arundel had just left her; it was plain she had been in tears, and her spirits seemed extremely fluttered: she told me that the conversation had been very interesting: he had promised her to accept of Sir George Revel's apology, so that to-morrow it is to be hoped will settle this untoward affair. By the joy which she expressed on this account, and the gratitude she seemed to bear to Arundel for complying with her request, I am afraid it is too clear that she is decidedly attached to Sir George; but as I am determined not to meddle in an affair, which my Lord takes so exclusively upon himself, I was careful to avoid the subject, and she did not incline to open herself to me of her own accord. I was sorry to hear her say that this amiable young man

is

is so much hurt by the proceeding, and has put such a force upon his feelings by acquiescing in the proposed apology, that he will quit our family and strike into another line of life, though it is what I expected from his spirit. I must do Louisa the justice to confess, that she appeared no less penetrated than myself by this intelligence, and she was earnest with me to try all my influence for dissuading him from the measure: she thinks he hinted at the army, and as he is now upon terms with his uncle, the General, this is not unlikely; if my Lord does not withstand this by all means in his power, or at least if he lets him go without some effectual mark of his favor, I shall think it most ungenerous behavior.

From her chamber I passed to Arundel's; there I found him alone in a very melancholy state of mind; it was evident something had passed of an unpleasant sort, of which I made no enquiries, but sat down close to the couch, on which he had reposed himself: he seemed exhausted and in pain; I took his hand in mine, and was beginning to count his pulse, when he withdrew it gently from me, and, with a look of inexpressible softness, said—Why are you thus anxious about an insignificant being,

H. 6

whom

whom to-morrow you will be ashamed to acknowledge? Lady Louisa is incurably attached to Sir George Revel, and I am too considerate of her repose, alarming as her situation seems to be, not to sacrifice my resentment at her desire. When I reflect that your feeling heart will be relieved by the same event, that gives ease to hers, how can I repent of my promise? but indeed this task has been a hard one, and unless I had felt for your responsibility in this affair, all that man can feel for woman, I could never have brought my spirit to submit to it.

He turned his eyes upon me with a most touching expression; there was a weariness and languor in his look that melted me to pity; I could not answer him. He put his hand to his side, as if his wound seemed to pain him; I thought his posture was uneasy and I desired he would suffer me to assist him in arranging it; for this purpose I passed my arm under his neck to raise his head from the couch, and whilst I was supporting it in this manner, he turned his face towards me, and my cheek dropt instinctively upon his. What a tremor then ran to my heart! he must have

felt

felt its tumult; his own, mean time, apparently enjoyed no greater quiet, for his breath fluttered, and his whole frame was agitated. He took his hand from his side, and passing it round my waist, strained me to him with a gentle pressure.

Whilst he held me thus in his embrace, I said to him in a whisper—Oh, Arundel, let this virtuous endearment be the sacred seal of our friendship! the love I bear you is as pure as your own unblemished honor; reproach me not for my indiscretion, if I now give way to the tenderness that overflows my heart, but regard me as a grateful creature, who owes every thing to your kindness, and who would be miserable in the extreme, if your pity did not cheer her.

Oh! what must be the man, cried he, who is insensible to this excellence, to these charms?

As he uttered these concluding words he dropt his head upon my shoulder, and pressing me more closely to him eagerly exclaimed—Save me, my dearest lady, save yourself! then extricating himself from the situation we were in, he took both my hands in his, and raising

raising them devoutly to his lips—Go, cried he, most amiable of women, for the love of Heaven be gone, before I forfeit your esteem for ever.

Now what do you think of your proselyte? Had Arundel been as well tutored in your precepts as I am, what would now have been my situation? O treacherous precepts, to what perils have you exposed me! Farewell.

LETTER XXV.

Arundel to Charles Mortlake.

THIS silly duel is blown over, and there remain no disputes to settle but what subsist between you and me: I suppose we shall hardly adjust them at the sword's point; and yet I believe that is the only weapon at which I am any match for you.

'Twas a ridiculous convention ours; my Lord spoke *more suo* with great dignity, but I really cannot remember what he said, and for the
the

the best reason in the world ; but I know a little dust thrown in the eyes of us poor mortals from the hand of Majesty, can do strange things, aye and settle mighty feuds —

*Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.*

Our good King, God bless him ! is a good man, and very considerate, as his Lordship gravely told us, of his subjects lives and limbs ; but I cannot help thinking, in all due deference, that he will cruelly mispend his pains, if he suffers himself thus to be drawn out as middle man in every hot-headed brawl that is started in his kingdom.

A notable wise justice of peace, whom I knew in our county, used to compose squabbles between his neighbours by telling the parties at a word, that if they could not settle their differences on the spot, to betake themselves to the ring in his court-yard, and fight it fairly out ; but if they were willing to agree, let them go down to his cellar, and shake hands over a tankard.

Something of this sort might pass at our cabinet for what I know ; a board of French
*
marechals

marechials would probably have decided for the duel, but it was thrown over without a dissenting voice in our council. I dare say Sir George uttered a very well-penned apology, and I make no doubt the author of it sat close at his elbow to prompt him: to do him justice, he had got it well by heart, for he seemed to run it off pretty glibly; but how it run, and what it was, I really cannot take upon myself to tell you, as I am afraid I was then rather unpolitely engaged with a wondrous paragraph in the morning newspaper of an extraordinary genius for *eating stones*—thank my stars, thought I, here is one fellow found who has as strong a digestion as I have!—As soon as the worthy Baronet had closed his peroration, I asked the two officers, who were witnesses of the assault, and now present on my part, if they had attended to the words which the gentleman had been repeating? They had strictly attended to them.—Were they such as they thought I might be satisfied with, and yet retain their good opinion?—They were such as would very honorably acquit me to the world.—Then, added I, there is no occasion to give the Gentleman any further trouble.—They asked

asked me, if I would insist upon the apology being printed?—I replied, that I had no ambition of being the subject, or even the author of such a publication, and therefore hoped it would not go to the press. And now my Lord made a kind of farewell speech to the court, in which his Majesty was again remembered with all due reverence, and something very prettily brought in about the calumet of peace, to our great edification; the apologizing Baronet made his bow, I shook my friendly officers by the hand; and so, my dear Charles, there is an end of the matter—

Solvantur tabulae.

I might well have proceeded one word further in my quotation, which would naturally apply to so ridiculous a consultation for healing a man's body with a few syllables, but in truth my temper did not suit for *laughter*, however well calculated the scene might be to provoke it;—for you will observe I have not mentioned Sir Francis Arundel as a party present; read the following apology.

“ Dear

“ Dear Nephew,

“ My heart is broke by the fatal event of
“ this morning: my beloved, my only son
“ has fallen a victim to honor, and lost his
“ life in a duel. I conjure you therefore, by
“ all that is sacred to man, follow not his
“ steps, but accept the atonement, which will
“ be offered you this morning. Let me not
“ be bereft of you both: you are now my
“ last hope, my heir, alas! and must I add
“ my only son?

“ FRA. ARUNDEL.”

Here is a melancholy case in point for your argument against duelling. I never saw my cousin but once in my life; he was a fine personable young man, but had an air of uncommon ferocity and haughtiness, and seemed very ambitious of being employed in my affair, but by no means in a pacific capacity. I whispered one of the officers, and found he was informed of the event; he said the deceased was clearly in the fault; and that it was a very frivolous affair about a common woman. I find myself able to be carried.

ried to my uncle's house, which is not far off, and shall prepare myself to make my condolances.

As there is no doubt but this compromise of ours will soon bring about a marriage between Lady Louisa and Sir George, this house will no longer be an agreeable residence for me; nor can I think of keeping up any connection with the father-in-law of such an affain; for to say the truth, my dear Charles—

Heret lateri letbalis arundo.

LETTER XXVI.

Arundel to Charles Mortlake.

I HAVE been carried to my uncle's house, and bore the motion of the chair much better than I expected.

Poor man! this misfortune has broke him down: I never saw a greater spectacle of mis-
 Is

Is it an observation founded in truth, that these high spirits sink under their sorrows more than men of ordinary passions? I am apt to think most extremes in nature are nearer to each other than we are aware of; at least they seem to hold a very good correspondence together, though they reside at a distance.

Our meeting was very distressful: he threw his arms round my neck and gave vent to the vehemence of his grief: strong gusts of tears and heavy sighs by turns broke from him, and at intervals his face seemed to suffer a kind of convulsive twitching, that looked very alarming.

He eagerly demanded if my affair was compromised, and when I assured him it was, he cried out,—I thank God for it! two victims to that cursed practice of duelling would be too many for one morning, and for one sad heart to survive. You see me here, nephew, a miserable man, at the end of life bereft of my only child, who has sacrificed himself to a fashion, to a freak, to the start of a moment; he is taken from me in the prime of his days,
unprepared

unprepared for death, in the heat of passion, upon a foolish quarrel for a worthless trollop: What will become of me, if you do not support me in my affliction and fill up the place of a son?

You will naturally suppose I said every thing on this melancholy occasion, which my heart could suggest for his satisfaction and relief.

Yes, nephew, continued he, you must be now my Francis Arundel, my son, my sole support. Be kind to me, be an honor to the name you bear, and take example by the fate of your unhappy cousin. I feel some awkward symptoms, which convince me there is no time to be lost in making myself ready for my call: I have sent for my lawyer and shall not sleep till I have put the last hand and seal to my will. You are the only Arundel of the generation under me now remaining of our branch; you are therefore my natural heir, and as such I shall instantly adopt you. Your uncle John, who is now at sea, has ever been a kind and loving brother to me; he is a noble, gallant fellow and an honor

honor to his profession, but at his time of life there can be no likelihood of his marrying, therefore I shall charge your estate with such an annuity to him, as in his plain way of living will supply all the comforts he can wish to enjoy. Of your father you must forgive me if I do not speak.

I am sorry for the cause, I replied, and I wish it was in my power to be a mediator; but I trust that time and milder sentiments on both sides will effect that reconciliation which I have not the present presumption to undertake. I hope, notwithstanding, that you will allow me to inform my father in general terms of all which this fatal morning has produced, so far at least as it affects me.

Do as you like, cried he, do as you like in that particular, but do not talk to me about it; I will have no concern or correspondence with him. As for myself, I cannot expect to last long, and probably shall give you the slip upon very short notice; therefore, my dear boy, as we have been too long estranged from each other, let me hope we shall not be separated for the remainder of my days;

days ; and as your fortune now places you far above dependance, I suppose you will not hesitate at detaching yourself from your present situation with Lord G.

To this I strove to make a suitable and becoming reply, acknowledging my obligations for the bounty he intended to bestow on me in grateful terms, without running into any fulsome protestations : I said I was both ready and desirous of attaching myself entirely to his person and service from henceforth, and I hoped the period of our acquaintance to come would be much longer than he seemed to expect. With respect to Lord G. I had such strong reasons to wish myself out of his family, that I should obey his commands with the greatest pleasure, and would seize the first opportunity for taking leave of his Lordship and all further connections with him.

I see no necessity for that, said my uncle ; for though you will find yourself in affluence, you may avail yourself of Lord G.'s introduction for becoming a man of business, by which you may be an active and useful member of the community ; and this leads me to remind
you,

you, that by the fatal event of this morning there is a vacancy in my borough, and as I believe you are just of age to take your seat, I propose, with your good liking, to bring you into parliament.

I will not take up your attention, I replied, at this time, by giving you all my motives for wishing to detach myself from the politics and connections of Lord G. ; I flatter myself they are such as you will not condemn me for : and in the same spirit of independence you will allow me to declare, before you take any step for bringing me into parliament, that I should hold myself as a traitor to my country and a disgrace to your name, if I could consent to enter upon that trust, but as a free and unbiassed member, not wedded to any party or opinion, no follower of Lord G. may permit me to add, and be not offended at my plainness, not even of you my benefactor.

A gleam of joy sparkled in his eyes as I said this ; he rose from his seat, took me cordially by the hand and immediately cried out — That's right, my good boy ! I see you are a true Arundel ; henceforth you are my son.

—The

—The gleam was momentary; his features fell, convulsion shook his face—Ah me! he cried, and sunk again into his chair, covering his cheeks with both hands, as if to stop their motion, or at least conceal it from my notice.

It was a piteous sight and affected me extremely. I thought it was best not to take notice to him of the disorder he was too visibly in, and therefore to divert his attention I began to tell him of the match Lord G. was making for his daughter with Sir George Revel, at the same time observing to him that it was impossible for me to be cordial with the father-in-law of a wretch, who in the most dishonorable manner had attempted my life; for though it was true I had made peace with him, I was determined never to make acquaintance either with him or his connections.

Well, well, said my uncle, take your own measures and be your own master in all respects: it was so I treated my poor unfortunate son, and so I shall treat you. I desire you will command in this house, for I shall no

more concern myself with the affairs of this world, when I have once completed the deed that is to put you in possession ; it is fit that I, who am hastening out of life, should retire from trouble. If you are determined to have no further connection with Lord G. I do not wish to enquire into your reasons ; so long as you adopt them I am disposed to think them just.

Here his servant came to announce the lawyer's arrival ; upon which he desired me to return to Lord G. and communicate to him as much as I thought fit of my affairs, and as soon as my health permitted to take possession of his house, where he should give orders for my reception. Consult your surgeon however, added he, and do nothing rashly to endanger your health.

Here we parted : and thus have I given you the particulars of a sudden and extraordinary revolution in my fortune, which changes the whole system of my life and opens a new prospect, flattering indeed to my ambition, but awful to a mind which foresees the trials it has to undergo, and trembles for the responsibility
which

which must accompany such unmerited good fortune. Farewell.

LETTER XXVII.

Arundel to the Rev. Dr. Arundel.

I HAVE the painful task of informing you, that Sir Francis Arundel had this morning the melancholy account of his son's being killed in a duel. I have visited him in consequence of his misfortune, and am sorry to add that the violence of his grief seems to threaten him with very alarming symptoms. I submit to you whether it may not be adviseable to make a journey to town upon this occasion: I will flatter myself that grief will not lose its property in his instance, nor fail to soften the asperity of his mind towards a brother, whose nature I am assured is thoroughly disposed to peace and reconciliation: no efforts on my part shall be omitted to prepare my uncle's heart with those healing impressions which

may dispose it for the happy return of brotherly love and affection.

Sir Francis has been pleased to signify his intention of making me his heir, and proposes my immediate succession to the vacancy in his borough, which the unhappy event of this day has occasioned. These favors have been accompanied with a request, that I will live with him in future, which will of course incapacitate me from any longer attendance upon Lord G. These commands I am now preparing to obey, and shall very soon take leave of my present situation.

I have been some time confined by an accidental hurt upon one of my ribs, but am so well recovered of it, that I expect in a few days to be out again. I hope you continue to enjoy your health; that you long may is the sincere prayer of

Your most dutiful son

and devoted servant.

LETTER

LETTER XXVIII.

Dr. Arundel to Francis Arundel.

WHAT may be those properties of grief, which you are so well acquainted with, I am not studious to learn, nor over-eager to experience; if you mean me to believe that grief will melt the marble of your uncle's heart, they must be miraculous properties indeed, and a great deal more than I shall put my trust in. As for a journey to London upon the mere expectation of seeing this mighty miracle performed upon your uncle, you must excuse me if I do not hold it quite so adviseable as you seem to think it; nor is it altogether so easy and perfunctory a matter for me to undertake at my time of life, persuaded moreover as I am, that *miracles have ceased.*

I am obliged to you for the offer of your interest with Sir Francis in the way of recon-

cilement; but are you sure I seek that reconciliation? are you so well satisfied with your own great powers of persuasion, that you can by the charms of your rhetoric *convert the hard rock into the springing well*? Is there no delicacy previously to be observed towards my honor, which perhaps may not willingly condescend to owe that reconciliation to the influence of a third person, which my own merits could not command? You may inherit your uncle's property, Mr. Arundel, but I envy you it not, if you take his pride into the bargain, and with it any portion of that insensibility towards my feelings, which with his other possessions seems in this instance to have devolved upon you.

Though you may in time be found the heir of his estate, remember at the same moment I, if living, am the heir of his title. Where is the provision to support it? Am I to crouch to you, like the descendants of the aged *Eli* to the child *Samuel*, for a piece of silver and a morsel of bread; and shall I say, like them, *Put me I pray thee into one of the priests offices, that I may eat a piece of bread*? No,

Sir,

Sir, I am a *priest* already, and have just enough to purchase that poor diet without your help; and Sir Joseph Arundel (if ever that shall be my title) shall still toil on in the humble office of a parish priest, nor crouch for a single morsel of those rich endowments, which have passed over his hoary hairs to fall upon the giddy head of youth.

But I must revoke that word, when you take your seat amongst the senators and elders of the state. Happy nation, to be so wisely governed, and thrice happy constituents, who are to consign their interests to so grave, so competent, so experienced a representative!

You are pleased to tell me that your uncle has desired you to live with him, and abandon the situation in which my interest placed you with a noble and powerful patron: and you have obeyed *his commands*; obeyed them without reference to me; joined with my worst enemy, deserted my best friend, and this by the *commands* of your uncle! If my *commands* go for nothing, might you not have paid some little attention to my wishes? Might you not have stopt to hear them, to

enquire of them, to know at least what it is your father *wishes*, and then it would have been time enough to obey what your uncle *commands*.

You say you have been confined by an *accidental hurt upon one of your ribs*; my information is that you have been fighting a duel; you can best tell which is the truth. You may have had your uncle's *commands* for this also; he has been *a man of war from his youth*, and dearly he abides the passion he has always had for blood: the judgment has fallen upon his own house; *he that smites with the sword shall perish by the sword*. In this, as in the relinquishment of your patron, you have not waited even for my *wishes*; for it is not likely that I should recommend a practice, which though stamped with the specious name of honor, violates the laws of God as well as man. If then I am founded in my fact, and this hurt on your ribs, which you lightly term *accidental*, is in truth a wound you have received from the sword of a duellist, I can only remark, that you have taken a very convenient way of throwing your faults upon chance; which

which being but a slender carrier, will I am afraid in time be so much overloaded by you, as to fall under his burthen.

L E T T E R XXIX.

Lady Louisa G. to Lady Jane S.

I Have now the happiness to inform my dear Jane, that this horrible suspense is over, and Mr. Arundel has accepted Sir George Revel's apology. But think not that my fears are over, my sorrows at rest; no, they are of the Hydra generation, and seem even to multiply by amputation. In the first place, my impatient father has opened upon me already, and in this stile he has discoursed—

Well, Louisa, I have at last brought this young man of our's to reason; our friend Sir George Revel has condescended to make him a very handsome apology, and he with a great deal of very haughty indifference has condescended to accept of it. I believe in my con-

science the fellow's head is turned by the situation I have raised him to; but I shall take his pride down a peg or two before long.

I have never been able to discover any pride in Mr. Arundel.

Pooh! what signifies whether you have discovered it or not? I tell you these academics, when they have stuffed a little Greek and Latin under their caps, are as vain as peacocks; but I shall pluck some of his fine feathers, I can tell him. It will be some years before I shall stand in need of the father's services again, and it will not be much sooner that the son will ever be the better for mine.

That must be as your Lordship pleases; but suppose we chuse some subject more agreeable to talk upon.

Well recollected, my dear! and what subject can be more agreeable, than the affair we have in view respecting Sir George Revel? You see what a fine gallant fellow he is, elegant in his figure, manners and address; quite a man of the world, a finished gentleman; travelled, speaks the languages, dresses well, entertains well, dances well; gives the fashion, splendid in his equipage, worshipt by all the fine women
about

about town, and incontestably the first match in point of fortune now in the kingdom.

I am told indeed he is very rich.

Rich, child! there is no end to his property in land and money: then his boroughs—I verily believe he has interest, if well managed, to command eight votes in Parliament at the lowest computation. Sir George Revel’s political weight is, exclusive of all other considerations, a very great thing: hitherto it has been thrown into the opposing scale, and if he and his members had not very handsomely seceded from the division of yesterday, we of the Ministry should have lost the question, so nearly were we balanced. These, Louisa, are only the first fruits of his attachment; the prospect of an alliance with my family has already made him neutral, there only wants another step to convert him into a friend. You see, my dear, how the father is indebted to the daughter’s charms; and therefore, taking all these considerations into my view, I find so many things conspire to recommend him to my good liking, that, high as I hold your pretensions, I not only give you my consent to pursue your inclinations by marrying Sir George Revel,

but must fairly confess it is become the warmest wish of my heart that you should do so.

Being ill prepared on the sudden to evade this pointed attack, I very imprudently answered that I believed my mother did not think so favorably of Sir George Revel as his Lordship did.

Your mother think! cried he, starting up in a rage—your mother think not so favorably of Sir George! what right has she to think at all about him? Do you suppose your mother's opinions are to weigh with me? Who is your mother, that she should think for me, and who am I? Did I raise the daughter of a plain country gentleman to the rank of a Countess, to fill her head with notions that she is to direct the interests, the alliances of my family? I shall soon teach her a better understanding of her duty; and I desire you will not pay the least regard to what she thinks in disfavor of Sir George Revel, when I peremptorily and definitively declare for him.

I was now so much alarmed for the mischief I had done, and for the storm of passion and reproach, which I had unadvisedly drawn down upon my poor suffering mother, that I was debating

bating with myself in what words to declare to him my own fixt and determined aversion from the match he propos'd; but his looks were so furious, that they frightened me from my purpose, and I did not venture upon any thing more than to beseech him in the most earnest manner not to let my mother suffer his displeasure for what I had said. I solemnly assured him she had never spoke a word in Sir George's dispraise, since his Lordship's anger about the affair at Spring Grove; on the contrary I protested, and with truth, that she had always held a language entirely conformable to his Lordship's wishes, ever since she had known what those wishes were; and that it would make me the most miserable of beings to bring trouble and reproach upon her, only because I supposed that she possibly might not have altered her opinion of the man, though she had changed her way of speaking of him.

He had scarce patience to hear me thus far, when he cut me short, and in a tone very little softened by all I had been saying, thus resumed his invectives—I know what your mother has done, full well, and I know what she is now doing; caballing with that Arundel
against

against me and Sir George Revel : I should not have been at all surpris'd if she had gone the length of pressing him into the duel, had not the chastisement he has already met with cooled his courage : Was ever such an affront offered to a man of Sir George's fort ? was ever such an insolent message sent by such an insolent messenger ? Thank my stars, he has smarted for it ; he has been pretty well punished, and had not he stop't where he did, he would have been completely provided for ; but Sir George's life was of too much consequence to be pitted against a beggar. I will keep no such fellow in my family, warm no such snake in my bosom ; though he is a wounded one, he is venomous, and I will dispatch him. Let us send this instant for your mother and her accomplice into the room, and you shall hear me give him his dismissal before her face.

He was actually going in his rage to ring the bell, when I just summoned strength of voice enough to cry out—For Heaven's sake, my Lord ! stop your hand ! my spirits are so exhausted, that if you proceed any further, I shall faint. He paused, looked at me, saw the situation.

situation I was in, and in great haste called my servant : my mother herself was in a moment at the door and ran to my assistance ; my father walked out of the room ; I had just time, before my servant came to me, to say in a low voice to Lady G. Alas, madam ! I have undesignedly set my father in a rage against you ; my heart bleeds for you ; oh ! that I might die and be no longer the unhappy cause of all your sufferings !—My dear, dear child, said she, be under no pain about me ; your father's rage has no longer any terrors ; I shall meet it with perfect composure.—I scarce know what followed ; after some time she left me to the care of my woman, and went out of the room in tears.

Strengthen my brain, kind Heaven ! it is very weak ; it shakes, it wanders : support it, I implore thee, in that moment, when to the face of my enraged father I shall resolutely denounce scorn and rejection to that wretch Sir George, and vindicate an unoffending, injured mother. Farewell !

LETTER

LETTER XXX.

The Hon. Mrs. Dormer to the Countess of G.

YOU are not half so angry with me as I am with myself for writing you so inconsiderate a letter. The subject seized me in an unfortunate moment; you know the warmth of my resentments, and can make some allowances for an imagination at all times perhaps too volatile, but, when heated by such indignities as your unfeeling Lord had cast upon the favorite of my heart, not likely to be restrained within the bounds of prudence.

I am a foolish old woman, who am apt to speak what I think, and write as I feel; I am therefore always employed with my friends and correspondents either in committing errors or atoning for them. Your conduct has been so uniform, that I have fallen into fewer scrapes of this sort with you than any body else; you are not familiar with my absurdities, and therefore it was, that this appeared so great to you; some

some of my more experienced intimates would only have said—*This is so like Dormer*—and thought no more of it.

You must know in the first place, I am in love with Arundel myself;—in the next place, I am furious against Lord G.—But no more of this folly; I am relapsing into it again.

Now if I had ever learnt *the art to blot*, I would strike out this nonsensical paragraph; but I go beyond Ben Jonson in my love of Shakespear, for I do not stop *on this side of idolatry*; I idolize even his errors, and like Alexander's wry-necked courtiers, copy the inaccuracy, because I cannot reach the sublimity, of his genius.

Do you think I have lived single all my days only because I could not find a husband? No, my dear Lady, *in good Queen Bess's golden days*; or something later perhaps, I made some noise in the world and had offers in plenty, some tolerable, some intolerable; but, as Arundel was not then born, and I could find no man entirely to my mind, I knew my temper too well to trust it to any one man's keeping for life, when it could hardly hold out for a day. There were two things my spirit was
never

never proof against; it could resist neither kindness nor unkindness; therefore I argued with myself thus—As it is the nature of those insidious animals called lovers to be most alluringly *kind*, and as it has sometimes happened that those tiresome creatures called husbands will be most provokingly *unkind*, I shall infallibly pass myself over from one to the other and probably forget to carry my reputation with me; for this reason I thought it best to have nothing to say to either one or the other, and thus it has come to pass that with some hard struggles, and now and then a hair-breadth escape, with a great deal of reasoning and a good deal of repugnance, here I am at your command as veritable an old maid as most are at seventy years end: how much longer I shall hold out in this humour I will not pretend to say, for I am coming up to London in all my charms, and if my spectacles should have the property of Archimedes's glasses, and set the tender heart of Arundel on fire, it is all over with me; I shall be found in the likeness of Hogarth's old bride at the altar; I may as well step into the frame at once and take my post in the print-shops, for every body will know me.

And

And now to be serious.—The conclusion of your interview with Arundel threw me into a trembling: much as I love tender scenes, I do not wish my real friends to be the performers of them. It is too like vaulting on the rope, a pastime I was never fond of; a false step breaks the vaulter's neck: thank the fates, you are fairly on your feet again! We old gossips, in whom *the beyday of the blood* is over, do as much mischief with our prattle, as trumpeters in a battle by their clamour, when they set folks a fighting, and themselves keep clear of the fray.

I shall be heartily glad to hear that Arundel is well of his wound, and that wicked couch out of his chamber; it will not then be incumbent upon you to nurse him any longer: there is not a more ticklish office in nature than to be settling and arranging a young man's posture on these charitable occasions, and adjusting his head upon a pillow, when he cannot do it for himself; I would as soon handle a wounded wasp; they seem dying, but they have strength to sting.

I remember to have been in the same predicament with a lover of my own near a century

tury ago; the poor man had been in the hundreds of Essex, where he had caught the *mala-die du pays*, and was chattering and shivering in as compleat an ague-fit as ever came out of the fens: my foolish pity perswaded me to visit him; I thought I could not have done it at a less dangerous moment; he was as unpromising and harmless a lover as you ever beheld; for my part I thought him dying, and began to be so full of commiseration and kindness that I charmed away his ague so effectually that I was very near conjuring up a worse enemy in its place. In short, my dear Lady, I learnt enough by the danger I escaped never to go a nursing sick lovers any more. Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXXI.

The Countess of G. to the Hon. Mrs. Dormer.

IT is impossible to be angry with you long, because you will not let me be serious; yet serious I must strive to be, for I have a melancholy matter to relate.

My Lord and I are upon the point of separation; I have had an interview with him, of which I must give you the particulars; as it is probably the last I shall have to relate, you will be more ready to excuse the length and dullness of the relation.

My dear Louisa had rather unadvisedly let fall a hint to his Lordship that I was not of the same way of thinking with himself in regard to Sir George Revel: this made him furious, and all she could say to allay his anger, and convince him that I had not practised upon her mind, was to no purpose.

In this temper I found him alone in his dressing-room, when he instantly welcomed me with the ensuing salutation:—

By

By what right, Madam, do you presume to oppose my authority in this family? How is it that you take upon yourself, knowing as you do that Sir George Revel has my approbation and full consent to marry my daughter, how is it I say that you take upon yourself to hinder and obstruct that match, by seizing every secret, underhand opportunity of decrying that gentleman's character and person in her hearing? I would have you know, Madam, that these insidious practices against me shall no longer be put up with: I will not sacrifice my daughter's interest and happiness to your whim and caprice; nor, because a paltry College-boy, whom I have too good-naturedly received as a dependant into my house and family, has been instigated to affront a man of fortune and fashion, and been properly chastised for it, will I suffer him to carry on a cabal under my very roof, and effect that revenge by secret means, which he wanted spirit to pursue in a more open manner.

Here his passion coming to a stop, I calmly answered—

If your Lordship is now at leisure to hear my answer, I will make it; but if you have

any more charges against me, I will wait your time, and then reply to the whole.

I could perceive the firm and deliberate manner in which I address him, was what he did not expect; he pretended however to pass it off with a contemptuous sneer, and told me I might do as I liked; whether I answered him or answered him not was of very little consequence; he had made up his mind.

If your Lordship has made up your mind against conviction, I replied, there is indeed but little use in my speaking at all; but if there are such things as truth and honor in existence, I call them to witness that I have never once opposed your wishes for an alliance with Sir George Revel, since the affair at your villa, for which I underwent your displeasure so severely: I repeat to you, my Lord, in the most solemn manner, that I have never insinuated to Louisa, even in the most distant degree, any thing to that gentleman's disadvantage.

Then pray, Madam, what is your opinion of that gentleman; I desire to know your real sentiments of Sir George Revel.

No, my Lord; there you must excuse me; I have strictly done my duty in not opposing
the

the person you approve of; but so long as my thoughts do not offend against your commands, I conceive I have a right to keep them within my own breast, and it must be something more than inquisitorial torture that shall force them from me.

Upon my word you are grown very lofty on a sudden; but as I know your thoughts full well there needs no inquisition to extort them from you: yes, Madam, I know your thoughts and I know your counsels; I know your enmity against Sir George, and I know the fomentor of that enmity. A dependant I can easily dismiss out of my sight; but I would have you also to know, Lady G. that I will not suffer even a wife to remain under this roof, who is secretly plotting with an upstart creature of her own training to poison the affections and counteract the welfare of my daughter, in the most essential concern of her life.

My Lord G. when you are pleased to dismiss me from this roof, you will add very little aggravation to the cruelty I have too often experienced under it.

Then leave it to-day, to-morrow, the next day—as soon as you please.

Where

Where is it your pleasure that I should go?

I care not; any where but to Spring Grove. And for Mr. Arundel, your confidante, I desire you will be present, whilst I give him his dismissal—Having so said he rung the bell, and a servant attending, bade him tell Mr. Arundel, if he was able to leave his chamber, he desired to see him immediately. As soon as the servant was gone, he said to me, I desire, Lady G. you will not leave the room. I made no reply, and a silence ensued till Mr. Arundel entered, leaning on the servant's arm.

There is something awful in the human countenance, where courage and integrity reside; but when these virtues are set off with manly beauty, such as Arundel displayed upon his entrance, the swelling heart of pride will shrink before it, and the tyrant feel himself a coward.

It was evidently so with my insulting Lord, whose storm, so loud before a woman, lowered itself into a small, still voice, which opened with an apology for bringing him out of his chamber, when the motion seemed so painful to him.

My Lord, replied Arundel, I must be much

worse before I should excuse myself from obeying your commands.

His Lordship was hampered, and I dare say heartily repented of his undertaking, but his dread of betraying himself in my presence, pushed him on the stage and he began very lamely to open the scene, as follows:—

Mr. Arundel, I have a negotiation now going on in my family, in which Sir George Revel is a party very intimately concerned; and though peace is now established between you, yet, considering all that has passed, I think your longer residence in this family can neither be agreeable to yourself, nor altogether convenient to Sir George or me.

Your Lordship judges with great delicacy of my feelings, as far as your motives for wishing my departure arise from your consideration for me only: but, my Lord, from the urgency of your message, and these commands following so close upon my acquiescence in Sir George's apology, I should presume you have other motives more pressing than my convenience, which now induce you to lay those commands upon me.

I told you so, Sir; I gave you other reasons;

I said

I said it would not be agreeable nor convenient to Sir George.

I dare say it would not, my Lord; but give me leave to ask if there was not another person named, for whose approbation I have much more deference than for Sir George's.

Yes, I do not deny it, I did say, and I say it again, that it will not be suitable or agreeable to me.

I humbly thank your Lordship for this early proof of your sincerity; but I must also appeal to your justice; and, as it is known to my friends that I have had the honor of being admitted into your Lordship's family, I beg to know whether I have your leave and commission to tell them that I go out of it with equal honor.

I shall not commit my reasons to your report, Sir, I shall give them myself to your father and your uncle Sir Francis, which are all the friends of your's that I am acquainted with. As for you, I have only to recommend it to you to return back to your studies at Cambridge and pursue a line of life that you are more fit for. It is not for a dependant to enter into cabals against his patron's connec-

tions, and interfere in the concerns of the noble family he is allowed to live in; the prudence and circumspection necessary for such a station your books it seems have not instructed you in, and nothing but experience of the world can teach. The situation I had intended to place you in, is a post of confidence and private trust; it is through your own fault that these kind intentions do not take place, and it would be only leading you into disappointments, if I were to let you build any hopes of favor or promotion from me.

I watched the countenance of Arundel, whilst this was passing, and saw his eyes sparkle with fire at some expressions that touched him, and need not be pointed out to your notice: the struggle he had within himself to repress his immediate resentment was apparent, but after a short pause, when my Lord had done speaking, he made him this reply:

My Lord, I relinquish all hopes of favor or promotion from you without suffering the least disappointment, and should cheerfully quit a situation, which is now become incompatible with my present views in life, if it was not accompanied

companied with a charge against my character of a very serious nature, and which I am very sure I do not deserve from your Lordship: you accuse me of entering into cabals against your connections, and interfering in the concerns of your family. What connections of your's have I caballed against? What family concerns have I interfered in? I am intitled to my defence, my Lord, and therefore I desire you will state my guilt.

The connection I allude to, Sir, is that which I have in contemplation to enter into with Sir George Revel; that as I take it is a very serious concern; and I have too good grounds for belief, not to be warranted in saying that you have been very hostile to Sir George; nay that you are so still, and have taken every means in your power, jointly with the Lady present, to raise prejudices against him in that bosom where least of all they ought to take place.

I shall answer very plainly to every part of your Lordship's charge; and first, that I have been hostile to Sir George Revel. It is something extraordinary, when your Lordship sees me here before you carrying the marks of that

man's brutal attack upon me, at a time I had no arms to defend myself with, that you accuse me of hostility; especially when I have refrained from taking either personal or legal vengeance for the injury. My Lord, when I called upon Sir George Revel to explain some very insolent expressions he had treated me with under the protection of your roof, I went to him in a peaceable manner, in my riding dress, as I had dismounted from my horse, without any weapon whatever; and this I did from delicacy to his situation, knowing he was then upon guard, and for the very purpose that he might not be tempted to a violation of his duty, or myself exposed to the imputation of provoking an officer under those restrictions by the hostility of my appearance, had I gone armed to the meeting. Was this a symptom of enmity? or is this wound, which still disables me, the proof on which your Lordship grounds your charge? Is the issue of this morning's meeting, at which you yourself condescended to be present, any mark of a resentful, hostile spirit in me? A man indeed may pardon through fear what his heart would prompt him to resent; but as I will not suppose

pose your Lordship means to impute my acquiescence in Sir George's apology to cowardice, I do not see how you can with any justice derive an act of forgiveness from a spirit of enmity.

The second part of your charge is that I am still hostile to this gentleman: My Lord, if I am to regard Sir George Revel as one whom you are disposed to honor by your alliance, I shall not so far forget the respect due to your Lordship as to say any thing more in your presence, than simply to assure you, that, without bearing any hostility to him, I have no desire of any acquaintance with him.

The last and most serious part of your Lordship's charge against me, is that I have endeavoured to sow prejudices in that bosom, which I join with you in thinking ought to be kept sacred, and which I do from my heart both hope and believe is truly sacred, not only from the taint you allude to, but from all others of whatever description. No, my Lord, this charge I deny in the most peremptory manner; and whoever dared to abuse your ear with the base insinuation, is as false as hell itself can make a human creature. I have

not that meddling nature in me, neither have I presumption to arrogate to myself any influence over the Lady I am accused of having tampered with. Once, and only once, I have had the honor of seeing her since I received my wound, and those few minutes, she will bear me witness, were otherwise employed than in prejudicing her mind against Sir George Revel. It was because I would not point my sword against the man on whom her future happiness may probably depend, that in those few minutes I gave up a resentment, which, with shame I confess it, years would not else have extinguished. I can only say, I could have wished you to hear this from Lady Louisa rather than from me; but the injustice of your accusation must be the apology for my vanity.

I must trespass on your Lordship's patience with one word or two more. There is a lady present, whom you have thought fit to associate with me in this part of your charge: I should suppose, my Lord, when you honor me with such an associate, you cannot mean to couple guilt with purity; that would be a most unnatural league indeed, a guilty man
with

with the most perfect of her sex, an incendiary in your family with her who is the blessing of it. Here then, my Lord, I offer no defence, for joined with Lady G. I can commit no crime; nor does your Lordship, when you bring her virtues into the same association, mean to impute any to me; I receive it as an acquittal of the whole, as the highest honor you can confer upon me, and am infinitely bound to you for it.

You are very ingenious, truly, Sir, and have given me a sufficient specimen of the logic of your schools; but I have heard enough of it, and do not wish you to put your imagination to any further efforts. I shall write to your father, and as your uncle is my very good friend, I mean to call upon him very shortly. At present you will excuse me, as I have rather more important business on my hands, than to listen to your rhapsodies.

Mr. Arundel upon this rose from his seat, and without a word more left the room: Oh, what an expressive contrast is that countenance capable of! the look he fixt upon my Lord, what a look it was! whilst my heart thrilled as he turned his eyes on me; such pity, such

benevolence beamed forth; I never shall forget it: whilst my senses last, they will never lose that impression: I became insensible to Lord G.'s cruelty; in short, my friend, I thoroughly despised him, and seeing him stand confounded, swelling with rage and shame, irresolute, abashed, and not knowing what next to do, I was willing to retire from so mortifying a sight, and humbly demanded if he had any further commands for me.

Nothing to trouble me with.

Had he resolved upon the place of my destination? Stay, Madam, cried he, and at that instant a servant delivered him a letter; he opened it, and as he read it his colour changed, he seemed perplexed, and after a considerable time he said, Did you know of this, Madam? was you informed of this event in Sir Francis Arundel's family? The letter is from him.

I assured him I knew of no event in Sir Francis's family; I had had no manner of conversation with Mr. Arundel that day.

'Tis strange, said he, your friend should not impart to you such good news, such a revolution in his fortune: Sir Francis writes me

word

word he has lost his only son in a duel ; that he has adopted his nephew, who has just left us, and in very civil terms requests of me to release him for a time at least, as he means to bring him into Parliament upon the vacancy in his borough. This is a very unexpected event ; I wish I had known it a little sooner ; Sir Francis has always been my very good friend, but I always understood he was at enmity with that branch of his family, which Mr. Arundel belongs to, and had no conception this young man was in his good graces.—Oh ! my dear friend, what was then my transport, my exultation !—equalled by nothing, unless by my Lord G.'s remorse and vexation.

I am astonished Arundel did not mention this to me, continued my Lord, (talking to himself, because he would not deign to address himself to me, though it was plain he wished to be answered.) I cannot think why he would conceal a thing of this sort ; it would have altered the case very widely ; I should have held a very different language to him ; Sir Francis is the last man in England I would wish to offend ; his support is very necessary to us at this pinch ; I have pledged myself for him

and his other member to the cabinet: ten to one but this angry young man will turn the tables upon me; perhaps he will be a speaker; by the sample he has given me I should expect it.—He was now thoroughly weary of his soliloquy, and therefore concluded by demanding of me if I did not think Mr. Arundel had talents to make an orator.

So strange a question shewed the incoherence of his thoughts, and I really knew not how to help him out by any answer I could give: I therefore simply observed, that I was no judge of Mr. Arundel's talents, but I had the highest opinion of his principles, and made no doubt he would do himself credit in any station of life.

My Lord now applied himself to the bell, and bade the servant who attended, go up to Mr. Arundel's room and say that he would call upon him: the answer was, that Mr. Arundel had left the house, and was just gone out in a chair.

This was a fresh blow to my Lord, and I think I have seldom seen him so disconcerted. I now made a second effort to go, but he again stopped me, for even my company was now,
I suppose,

I suppose, some relief to his own, at least I served him as a butt to vent his ill-humour upon, and divert it in some degree from himself.—And pray, Madam, says he, how does your Ladyship account for this young man's not informing me of his cousin's death, and the great fortune that so unexpectedly devolves upon him? for Sir Francis, let me tell you, is extremely wealthy.

I suppose, my Lord, replied I, as this event was no part of his defence, he did not think it necessary to state it.

In my opinion now, it would have been the very best part of his defence.

Perhaps he was in hopes his integrity would have been sufficient for that purpose, and did not chuse to be indebted for his exculpation to interest, when he had innocence to plead, and the merit of a sacrifice to the repose of your Lordship's family, which I have no doubt cost him dear to make: in that light I regard his silence as one amongst many instances of the great delicacy of his way of thinking.

Your Ladyship owes him a good turn, and I perceive

I perceive you are resolved to be as stout an advocate for him as he is for you.

Here our conversation broke off abruptly enough; his Lordship set out for his office, and I went up to my daughter. Farewell.

LETTER XXXII.

Lady Louisa G. to Lady Jane S.

ONE of those unexpected events, which seems as if it was the fabricated incident of a novel, has just happened, and Mr. Arundel is of a sudden become heir to Sir Francis Arundel's great estate by the melancholy catastrophe of a duel, in which his cousin, a very fine young man, was shot through the lungs, and died upon the ground.

Oh my Jane, what agonies have I escaped by the peaceable conclusion of this terrifying affair with Sir George Revel! To you alone

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is the secret revealed, for whose sake those agonies were endured : Had then my eyes no language in them, when Arundel, in the benevolence of his heart, made a sacrifice of his reluctant spirit to the preservation of my health and peace ? Alas, alas ! is it not too plain he does not think of me ? had he been a lover, he could not have wanted intuition to spy out the secret workings of my soul ; and it now wounds me to the quick, when I reflect upon this proof of his indifference. Nor is this all ; proof rises upon proof, for had his heart but felt the slightest touch of love, he never would have put his resentment aside to clear the passage for a rival ; no, where love is in the case, jealousy will enflame even a coward against his competitor, and Arundel's courage wants nothing to animate it.

Oh, Jane ! how these reflections humble me. How false and foolish is the world's flattery ! What avails it me, that I have been the butt and gazing-stock of all the staring vacant eyes in every public place ? Perhaps there is some catching quaint caprice about my form, some garish showy ornament, that Nature has embroidered on it, which silly coxcombs

combs are trapped with, but which men of taste turn away from with disgust. I can never be brought to think I have any attractions, but such as I ought to blush for, when I could draw to me only such a wretch as Sir George Revel, and repel Arundel; 'tis plain that Virtue flies me, while Vice for its own loathsome ends pursues: I must renounce either myself or Arundel; I must believe I am unworthy of his pure regards, or hold him for insensible and blind. He thinks, no doubt, that he made a mighty sacrifice for my sake, when he put by resentment; alas! how much more have I done for him, when, to preserve his life from risque, I suffered him to think that I was so depraved in heart, as to endure the addresses of Sir George? Whose loss then is greatest? his, in being robbed of his revenge, or mine, who am ruined in his good opinion? I have deceived him into my own destruction.

What is now to be done? You will say, perhaps, a second conference may set it right: —a second conference is now no longer in my reach; he is gone for ever; an angry separation has taken place between my father and him; he has left the house never to return to
it

it again : adopted by his uncle, he now lives with him, and holds no further correspondence in this hostile quarter. Shall I write to him ? No : if there is such a thing on earth as commendable pride, if there is such an obligation existing as duty to a parent, I am now responsible to those demands ; in those fetters I am chained, and I would rather die than beg and be despised.

There was a moment when I thought he felt some little influence at his heart from this unworthy form : 'twas our first interview ; my father brought him down to us at Spring-Grove ; he presented him to my Lady G. ; Arundel bowed respectfully, and addressed some words to her I know not what, but proper no doubt they were, and becoming : he ushered him next to me, and then methought his eye bespoke a sudden sensibility, the colour came and went upon his cheek, and he was silent ; but his look was eloquent and my responsive heart held converse in the same mute language with him : I was not then, as now, a spectacle so pale and sickly ; it was languor, not disease, and such a languor only as disposed my heart to every soft impression : it was even-
ing,

ing, a soft and tender gloom threw his fine form into that happy shade, which gives the features a pathetic tint in harmony with all the melting passions of the soul—Oh, Jane, that moment was my fate ; he then exchanged a look with me, that sunk into my heart ; it was then I found there is no metaphor in what the poets tell of love, I felt that he has real arrows. My father called for music ; Why did he so ? It is *the food of love*, and mine

Had stomach for it all.

I sung ; it was my favorite cantabile of Sacchini ; it was love again ; love in its most expressive language. Arundel's accompaniment inspired me to acquit myself better than ever I performed before : his tones were pitched with so much delicacy, they were the very echo of my voice ; my father was enraptured, and I confess I never was in such humour with myself.—But I am grown childish and prattle the same rhapsody over again, which I have pestered you with in a former letter ; bear with my weakness, gentle Jane !

The next day took my Lord to town, and Arundel remained with us, but night and sad reflection

reflection had intervened; reason had now conjured up a powerful and gloomy antagonist in the person of Despair, who was able to contest the point with Love, and represented to my mind a numerous train of impossibilities ranged in dreadful array against the hopeless passion, that was taking possession of me. Alarmed at the danger of my situation, I no longer invited opportunities of conversing with Arundel; I even avoided his eyes as much as I was able; I saw with pleasure that my mother began to engross him wholly, and I never was a party in their evening walks: I dreaded the fascinating powers of music, and he, conceiving that the exertion was too great for my strength, never prompted me to sing. Much of the day he passed out of doors with my Lady in visiting her conservatory, and in other rural occupations, which she takes much delight in; our amusement within doors chiefly consisted in his reading to us, and at those times I took care to employ myself with my needle, bestowing no more than the attention of one sense upon him: but even that sense was made an avenue to Love; Love could even *there plant eyes*, and though

at

*at one entrance quite shut out,
Shone inward.*

He gave us the pathetic novel of *Lady Julia Mandeville*; What weakness tempted me to select it for his reading? The story was too apposite, the catastrophe too touching. Could he want a key to the fable, when my tears were so plain a comment to point out the application? Where was his intelligence, if it escaped him?

And now, my dearest Jane, I have lost sight of him perhaps for ever: now then is the moment to begin a noble effort, and found a resolution that shall repair the ruins of my peace: I will forget him.—Stop, let me not promise too much; I'll not attempt impossibilities; I will forget to love him: convinced as I now am, that he does not entertain a thought of me, I will call home those slighted affections, whose forward tenders have been repulsed with scorn: I have a pride of nature, that is the very palladium of my heart; I will summon every passion to its aid, and it will be hard if such an army of allies shall not be a match for one single, unsupported propensity,

sity, however strong. Assist me at this crisis, my beloved friend, encourage me with your applause, second me with your counsels, say every thing for me, but on your allegiance—breathe not a word for Sir George.—And above all things, if you love me, and would wish to preserve my senses, utter not a syllable in prophane dispraise of Arundel.

Farewell.

L E T T E R XXXIII.

Lady Louisa G. to Lady Jane S.

WHEN I wrote to you last, I was not aware that matters had gone to such lengths between my father and mother, as to make a separation necessary. Ever since that unhappy affair at Spring Grove, my Lord has harboured such resentment in his mind, and been so obstinately resolved to believe that she has been industrious to prejudice me against Sir George Revel, that I am persuaded nothing

thing but an absolute acquiescence on my part could have undeceived him; I must have made a total sacrifice of my happiness to have preserved any tolerable harmony between my parents; but even this would have been a very precarious reconciliation, for the essentials of love are wanting, and though my father's views might have been served by the match, I have reason to know that my mother would have been rendered infinitely more miserable by such a fatal measure than by what has now befallen her, which though painful for the present, will save her from many sufferings hereafter.

You may think perhaps that I might have quashed the dispute at once, by peremptorily refusing Sir George, and taking it entirely on myself; but believe me that would never have done, nor would my mother hear of the proposal when I stated it, assuring me that it would only make my father more outrageous against her, with the further bad consequence of reviving the affair between Arundel and Sir George, who was only led to make an apology by the hopes held out to him by my father.

I have however confided to her my intentions

tions with respect to that gentleman, and the joy and comfort which it gave her alleviated the pains of parting; she beseeched me to temporize some time longer, as well on her own account, as to prevent an immediate rupture between the parties so newly reconciled. This you will allow is a delicate and difficult part for me to act, but this I have nevertheless promised to undertake.

You will be curious to know if I opened to her on the subject of Arundel; I did not, and, without giving you all my reasons for being silent, I shall only say, that if ever I find it necessary to communicate with her on the state of my heart towards that person, it will be best done by letter after a time, and in absence from each other. I know the strength of her mind, and the solidity of her understanding: retirement and solitude, so formidable to some spirits, will to her's be salutary and restorative. Then will be the time, if reason cannot expel this hopeless passion, to confide it to her—alas! to what purpose even then?

I have not seen Arundel since he left us; I believe he gives up his time almost entirely to his uncle, with whom he lives, and who is said

to

to be in a very declining state. I am ashamed to say, that my father did himself no honor by the manner in which he treated him at parting; and what makes it worse, he at that time was not informed of the change in his fortune, but talked to him as to an absolute dependant, and menaced him with stirring up his father's displeasure against him. No sooner had he left the house, than a letter from Sir Francis revealed the affair of the duel, and of Arundel's adoption in consequence of it: then it seems my Lord was mortified in the extreme, and repented of his behavior; and of such consequence is it to his politics to preserve a good understanding with Sir Francis, that I have reason to believe, if my mother would have undertaken to have made his peace with Arundel, she might have made her own at the same time. This I know for certain, that my father has bestirred himself very assiduously, in hopes of healing the breach, and has been with the General, and no doubt with Arundel himself, for that purpose. How he has succeeded in conciliating matters I cannot pretend to say, but he hinted to me that he had obtained a respectable

spectable situation for Arundel, if he chose to accept it.

My opinion goes with my fears, that the thing is irretrievable, and the more so from the unjust and cruel measures, which have been taken towards my unoffending mother.

What I suffered upon parting from her no words of mine can describe: her spirits, thank Heaven, were greatly supported in those painful moments by the assurances I gave her with regard to Sir George Revel. She is for the present gone to Spring Grove, where she will pass only a few days, till preparations can be made for her removal to a greater distance, and a place provided for her, which she has chosen for her retirement, and for which she is now in negotiation.

My father has invited Mrs. Courtenhall to be with me in my mother's absence. What a substitute! Sir George Revel dines here to-day *en famille*, and I am to endure his hateful presence. Farewell.

LETTER XXXIV.

Arundel to Charles Mortlake.

I WILL not relate to you the manner in which Lord G. and I parted, as it refers to matters of a domestic nature, which I never troubled you with, and probably never shall. The man is altogether so contemptible, that it is impossible for me to be upon any terms with him, though he makes strong solicitation for it. My whole time is dedicated to my uncle, whose love and kindness to me increase with every hour: he now talks of his son with a tender regret, but not with those passionate gusts of sorrow, which for some days he gave way to: in the mean time his health declines daily; he has certainly had a paralytic stroke, for his mouth is visibly drawn aside and his speech affected, though we do not take any notice of it to him.

Wait till you see whether I deserve your congratulations before you offer them: in

good truth, my friend, there is so sudden a revolution in my fortune, and the world breaks in upon me with such a torrent, that it will be well if I can stem it with any tolerable steadiness. If fate had sent me back again to those beloved scenes, on which my memory dwells with fondness, and where tranquillity and you inhabit, my lot would probably have been happier than it is likely to prove. How shall I preserve my integrity amidst the corruptions of the world; my understanding in the din of folly, or my religion in the company of the prophane? Be thou my guardian genius, and from thy untainted bosom convey the sympathetic spark to mine, which may awaken conscience before too deep a sleep invades it.

But how is this to be done, if we are to remain in such distant separation from each other? My selfish spirit has been at work to devise the means of drawing you to me, and I please myself with the hope that I have at last struck upon a project that will effect it. My uncle has a living in his gift, the incumbent of which is now dropping into his grave with age and infirmities; the family mansion stands

in the parish, and the premises of the parsonage communicate with Arundel Park; it is in the finest part of the county of Kent, upon the banks of the Medway, in a healthful spot, a good house and a charming little garden. What do you think of it? does it sound as if it would tempt you? if so, I have already secured the reversion of it at your service. We shall be near neighbours, if I live to succeed to the possession of Arundel house, where I mean to fix my staff. Your parish is but small, so that your human flock will not be more than the shepherd of their souls can watch over with his own eye. It is enough for me to remind you they are Kentishmen, and worthy all the care you can bestow upon them. Don't attempt to take their batts from them, and I flatter myself you may prevail with them to relinquish the brandy bottle. Were it not for this foreign enemy to their health and morals (the fatal consequence of illicit trade), what a people would they be! A race distinguishable above all their fellow-subjects for the beauty of their persons, the dignity of their sentiments, the courage of their hearts and the elegance of their manners.

I am

I am only afraid you will grow too rich upon your income, for it is beyond your simplicity : but why do I fear this, when charity is at hand to take off all your superfluities? and who can tell, Charles, but some Naiad of the Medway may tempt you to the rash unphilosophical act of matrimony? If that takes place, prepare yourself for a family that shall vie with the Patriarchs, for they have an hereditary gift of breeding and fulfil the primæval blessing in its utmost extent.

This shall be a separate letter *unmixt with baser matter*, for this is a subject, which involves a great share of the happiness, which I have now to expect in life, and I shall anxiously wait your answer.

I have other things to talk of, which are merely matter of communication, and them you will receive in a separate packet by the same conveyance. Farewell.

LETTER XXXV.

Arundel to Charles Mortlake.

I Think I told you in the early part of our correspondence that I was not fond of writing about family matters, and telling long uninteresting stories of persons and things, which you are not concerned with and which I have no right over: I am not however scrupulous to inform you that Lady G. has been compelled to a separation by the ill-treatment of her Lord, who is pressing on a match with Sir George Revel and Lady Louisa, and is pleased without any grounds to conclude that his wishes have been traversed by her Ladyship, with whom he has also done me the unmerited honor to suppose that I have been in league for the same purpose.

This ridiculous man, who has not a trace in his mind that resembles justice, unless obstinacy be one, had the absurdity to charge me with this to my face and in the presence also
of

of his Lady. My part of the charge was easily settled, for I was soon out of his power, but it was not so with Lady G.; she has been obliged to take refuge from his tyranny by retiring from her family, which she actually put into effect the same evening, and is now seeking that repose in solitude, which in his society it was not possible for her to enjoy.

For that excellent Lady my heart will ever retain the warmest gratitude, and it gives me unspeakable pain to be no longer in a capacity of paying her those attentions, from which she used to derive no small degree of consolation. I have taken every means in my power since her departure of making known to her how deeply I am impressed with the remembrance of her kindness and condescension, and how ardently I shall seize every opportunity of manifesting the truth of my professions; but I have not thought it adviseable in the present state of affairs to write to her, though I am vain enough to think it may be what she wishes. At the present moment her situation is extremely critical, and I am under great anxiety on her account; if her difficulties encrease and this injurious man continues to per-

secute her with fresh insults, I shall break through the reserve I have for the present imposed upon myself, and attempt whatever honor, gratitude and friendship can suggest for her service.

Lady Louisa's match with Sir George Revel is I suppose in a train to take place, and probably only waits the re-establishment of her health: report is circulating it as a thing decided, but in that I do not place absolute faith. If it must be so, may I be deceived in the prejudice I have taken up against the man of her choice! I know not how to think there can be any generous sentiments in that heart, which seems engrossed with pride and arrogance; at the same time I am loth to suppose her capable of overlooking character in the choice of a husband, and of following either the mere impulse of the eye, or the meaner motives, which the greatness of his fortune may appear to suggest; this I am sure can never operate upon a nature so liberal and so noble as her's, and accordingly I must believe she discerns some qualities in her lover, which have not fallen under my observation; and to own the truth this may well be, as I have only contemplated

contemplated him in the unfavorable moments of insolence and anger.

The day before I quitted the family I had a conversation with Lady Louisa, which was very interesting, and if I had been disposed to put my own meaning upon certain passages and expressions, which were equivocal enough to encourage such an idle interpretation, I might have made a fine fool of myself truly. Yet if all that anxiety to prevent our duel was the sole result of her fears for the safety of Sir George, any man who was a witness to what she suffered might have safely sworn that the first moment of his release would have been the first of his happiness also, instead of which many days have passed and I have no reason to believe he is yet in possession of her absolute consent.

Surely, Charles, it is fair arguing to conclude, that if he was indeed the object of her love, I, who in that interview appeared before her as his antagonist, ought to have been the object of her aversion: yet this did not seem to be the case; it is true she had a point to carry, and that might lead her to use soothing words in conversing with me; but had there

been that abhorrence in her heart, it is less possible with her than with any body I ever met with to disguise her looks and counterfeit a complacency she does not feel. On the contrary, I beheld nothing but the sweetest countenance mixed with the most affecting sadness, at all times there was a most expressive tenderness in her eyes, and once she gave a loose to her tears covering her beautiful face, to conceal from me the disorder she was in.

These words in particular made an impression upon me at the time she uttered them, and I have frequently revolved them in my thoughts since as something too mysterious for me even to guess at—*Perhaps, said she, you have mistaken me in some particulars, but time will clear up all things; to time I must refer you, and by that I shall be justified in your opinion.*

If time, that is to be the interpreter of this mystery, should shew me that Sir George is all this while following a false clue through the labyrinth of disappointment—Oh Charles!—but I will not indulge the idea—she must be his, and I will detach my thoughts from her, and fly the sight of her when sacrificed to that wretch,

wretch, as I would avoid the contemplation of a noble mind, when deprived of its reason.

These ladies, mother and daughter, might almost pass for sisters; there is a striking similitude in their features, and an expression of the same passions and affections in their eyes, only at different periods of life and in different degrees of sensibility. In the mother it is visible that sorrow has conspired with time to soften down those fires, which nobody, who looks upon the daughter, can behold unmoved: the soul of Lady G. is of that pensive and feeling cast, which leans to retirement and those tranquil scenes of life, to which humble unassuming virtue delights to resort from the tumult of the world. The country is her passion, and in a private condition she might have tasted that serenity, which her elevated rank only helps to deprive her of. Fortune seemed to have destined her to those views, for which nature had fitted her disposition, but an uncommon share of beauty and the extreme elegance of her figure in a luckless hour caught the eyes of Lord G. and the ambition of her parents devoted her to his arms. Oh Charles, how you would be charmed with her society!

How curiously hath nature *mixed up the elements* in her, that the contagious sphere, in which she has moved, could never fix a spot, which even the microscopic eye of envy could spy out and say—*Here is a blemish.*

Lord G. who treated me with very little delicacy, when he looked upon me as a dependant, now sees me with different eyes, and an event, which does not raise me one atom in my own esteem, *adds cubits to my stature* in his way of measuring mankind. In a time like this, when parties are so nearly balanced, the proprietor of a borough may expect a very low bow from a tottering minister; and his Lordship, who probably feels himself in that predicament, seems to think a little management may be necessary to bring me back to my allegiance, and make me still the creature of his purposes.

With this wise end in view he called upon my uncle, and began to round him with many fine speeches, feeling his way cautiously to discover how much I had imparted to him of what passed between us upon our last conversation. He affected to be shocked, when the General told him I considered myself as dismissed.

missed in the most peremptory manner, and desired to apologize to me in person for any misunderstanding that had taken place, protesting that his intentions had ever been most friendly towards me; he hoped we should always be upon good terms, and as he had been honored with my uncle's support, flattered himself he might depend upon mine.

To all this Sir Francis coldly replied, that he must refer his Lordship to me; he had discharged his mind of all those matters, and left me entirely to my own discretion.

This produced an interview between his Lordship and me; he addressed me in a fine speech crammed with many courtly flourishes, in which there was a mighty deal of condescension, abundance of flattery, some apology, many professions and no truth: it was *pride that licked the dust*.

I answered him in as civil terms as I could use, without committing myself in such a manner, as might lead him to believe I was imposed upon by his professions: I took care to remind him for my future justification, that I had, happily for myself, never been in those confidential habits with his Lordship, as to tie
me

me down from any measures or opinions I might think fit to adopt hereafter; and I begged leave to assure him, that if I had not felt myself my own master in those respects, I would never have consented to come into Parliament.

He now tried a new experiment, by proposing to me a situation in the corps diplomatique, where he could make an opening for me at Ratisbon, which he warmly recommended as a first step in the line, and for which he was pleased to assure me that I was peculiarly well qualified both by nature and acquirements.

To this I shortly answered, that as I had his Lordship's own authority to refer to for expecting no favors from him, so I had formed my own resolution to receive none: he must therefore excuse me if I declined any offers he could make me.

Thus we parted, and thus I conclude. Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVI.

Dr. Arundel to Francis Arundel.

EVERY thing that I hear of your proceedings astonishes me more and more.

By a letter, which I have been honored with from the Earl of G. I am informed of the haughty and disdainful manner in which you have quitted his family; and when he condescended to court your acceptance of a situation, that his interest had provided for you, and to which your proudest ambition would not have ventured to aspire awhile ago, you rejected his favors with contempt.

Is this the use you make of your new fortune? is this your gratitude to Providence?

I suppose you will again tell me, you are obeying *the commands* of your uncle: to him, who has adopted you, I commit you; I blush whilst I subscribe myself

Your father,

JOSEPH ARUNDEL.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVII.

Francis Arundel to Dr. Arundel.

IF you will credit the protestations of a son, who never yet approached his father with a falsehood, you will believe me when I assure you that I am as innocent of the charge contained in your last letter, as I am of the duel, which you imputed to me in your preceding one.

I cannot enter into a more particular defence of myself, as the charge consists of assertions, which can only be opposed by counter-assertions.

I certainly did decline Lord G.'s offer, and though it was of a sort entirely incompatible with my present views, yet I am free to own, that if it had been in all other respects desirable, yet as coming from his Lordship I could in no case have accepted it.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XXXVIII.

The Countess of G. to the Hon. Mrs. Dormer.

Spring Grove.

I Have now advanced one stage towards my exile, and am preparing to set out in a few days for the place of my final destination.

There is a little village on the coast of Kent, which I have fixt upon for my retreat: it has been a favorite spot with me from my childhood, being about three miles from my father's house where I was born: it was part of his estate, but being entailed upon the male heir, now belongs to my first cousin, who has very readily accommodated me with the hire of it.

This will be my asylum from a tyranny no longer supportable.

The bitterness of parting from my Louisa was greatly softened by the comforting expressions, with which she cheered my sinking spirits in those painful moments:—Oh my beloved mother! said the generous girl, the cruel treatment you unjustly suffer on my account cuts
me

me to the foul; submit to it however with patience for a time, resign yourself to the will of God, and he will support you; perhaps it is a dispensation that will prove a blessing to you in the end, and even now you should forbear to lament it, as it withdraws you from a scene replete with sorrows, and from an oppression you can no longer endure. The virtues of your heart and the strength of your understanding will supply you with resources in your solitude, and it shall be my grateful task to relieve it by a continual intercourse of letters, in which I will give you a faithful journal of my time. I trust my father's animosity will not forbid my continuing to you these proofs of duty and affection, without which our separation would be intolerable to me.

I leave you, my dear child, I replied, with a bleeding heart, comforted however by these dutiful expressions, and penetrated by the generous and tender proofs of your affection: I leave you in a painful, perilous moment, in the very crisis of your fate; but I am driven from my duty, I do not desert it. If you marry Sir George Revel because your heart is with him and your judgment approves of his character,

character, I hope God will bless you in your choice, and that I shall find myself in an error; but if you take him upon any other motives, if your father's commands over-rule you, if the splendor of fortune allures you, and the cry of the world provokes your vanity to be the richest bride in England, I tremble for the consequences; I protest against the deed.

To this she replied—How I shall regret you words cannot describe; but if ever it is my lot to marry, it shall be the first object of my liberty to fly to your arms; and be assured I will never unite myself to any man, whom you could not love, and who would not love you. This reason alone would have been decisive against Sir George Revel, had he been in all other respects as much to be approved of, as I now think he is justly to be abhorred.

What, cried I, what is it I hear? Doth my Louisa mean to say that she will not marry Sir George Revel?

Never, she replied; nor force, nor persuasion shall prevail with me: I will die before I will do it. This has been my fixt determination from the first, but I would not impart it to my dear mother, whilst she was asserting in
her

her defence to my father, that she had not communicated with me on the subject.

Generous creature ! said I, then I am comforted indeed ; this sweetens the bitterest moment of my life ; now I can part from my child with some fortitude : and so saying, I enfolded her in my arms and shed a shower of grateful tears upon her neck.

Thus was I consoled by this amiable creature ; and amidst the agonies I feel in separation from her, I support myself by reflecting, that a young woman of her uncommon attractions, with great fortune and high rank to set them off, cannot long remain single, and then my lost happiness will be recovered : in the mean time, as my interference in the choice of a husband for her would only draw resentment upon me, and probably opposition to her wishes from my unfriendly Lord, it may be well for me to be absent at this crisis.

And now, my dear animated friend, do not let this secret of Louisa's determination against Sir George Revel escape from your lips ; do not so much as endanger it by a hint ; for it is necessary to temporize a little longer.

Will you visit me in my hermitage ? I am
sure

sure you will. Your friendship is not of that holiday sort, which can only shew itself in the sunshine of fortune; you will not fly from the *house of mourning*, but will cheer your widowed friend in her affliction.

But remember, my good soul, there is one subject that cannot cheer me any longer: let the name of Arundel be proscribed in our correspondence henceforward! Sport not with the feelings of your friend, nor let your roving imagination lead me any more over rocks and precipices, like a deceitful meteor in the night. *I fly to conquer*; I sink into solitude that I may teach myself to forget.

Since he left our house I have never once set eyes upon him; nor hath he written one farewell line to me. It is well! he refines upon propriety; he points me out the road which I must take; he is at once my preceptor and my model.

I have the happiness to hear he is recovered of his wound: the old General, by the way, has had a paralytic stroke, and is thought to be near his end; Arundel will then be master of a noble fortune; he takes his seat in Parliament as soon as the writ can be made out, and I
cannot

cannot doubt but he will do himself much honor in the senate; for he has genius, knowledge and elocution, with every exterior grace of person—how captivating! A voice so exquisitely tuned to persuasion, that the ear, which listens to its harmony, of force surrenders up the soul of every one that hears it: his eyes characterize each passion, as it shifts within him; they beam with benevolence, they melt with love, they flash with anger: they penetrate the heart; who can resist them?

I will risque a prediction that his artillery will be pointed at my Lord personally, at his party collectively; and though I am not curious after politics, I cannot avoid hearing from all sides that our cabinet totters. Be it so! I believe the best wish I can bestow upon my despot is that of a speedy dissolution to his power. Small minds are not made for great stations; they are intoxicated by authority; that virtuous ambition, which should inspire them to advance the glory of their country, beats not in their bosoms; the passion they feel is spurious and illegitimate; it has the name of ambition perhaps, but it inherits not its dignity nor property. The servant of the
public

public should have the diligence, fidelity and punctuality of a servant in humble degree; a person, destined by his office to refuse multitudes where he gratifies one, should above all things study the art of denying with a good grace: this demands an attribute which my unhappy Lord is wholly destitute of, suavity of manners: I even question if he is often lucky enough to gain a friend where he bestows a favor. I suspect that he will fall unpitied and deserted. When that hour comes, reflection may come with it, and if he then brings his past conduct under strict review, the future may very probably fare the better for it.—Heaven grant it may!

I have sometimes turned my thoughts towards a companion in my retirement, some quiet gentle soul, who will sympathize with my feelings, read, work, walk with me by turns, and wile away the languid hours in harmless conversation. But alas! it is in vain to look for such a being: a gentlewoman she must be, and I have such pity for decayed gentlewomen in the character of dependants, that I should be a sufferer by her society, and, instead of finding comfort from her, be obliged
to

to find it for her. I therefore give up that idea altogether, and determine to take with me only one young woman, who is at present an underling in my family, and seems a sensible good-humoured girl: she shall be my lady of the bedchamber, for my own Madam is too fine for the service, and has besides an attachment, which I cannot propose to remove her from. A house-maid and a cook I shall hire in the country, as better for my humble purposes than those of a town education; one man-servant I shall also take of rural stock, and a gardener: this will be my establishment; my pin-money will be my revenue; and so—

Farewell to all my greatness!

Adieu.

LETTER

L E T T E R XXXIX.

Charles Mortlake to Arundel.

QUICK transitions of fortune act upon the mind as sudden changes of climate do upon the constitution; the stamina must be strong that can bear them.

You are scarce entered upon life's drama, when mark how full of incidents it is become! Whilst you are stepping on the stage, the supreme director of its movements draws off the scene before you, and you find yourself in a new situation, in a new character.

Prepare yourself therefore for an active part, that will try all your powers; but above all things, my dear Arundel, let me recommend to you to consult the spirit and sense of your *author*; enter into his designs, be the faithful representative of his mind, and don't lay out for the false and flattering plaudits of the theatre, by outstepping nature and violating the chaste simplicity of truth.

With all due submission to the mock majesty of Honor, who is the great manager that now seems to pitch the tone for all our young performers, I cannot say that the disciples of his training are to my taste; I think it is a false stile of acting, and, though his school is in such high vogue, it is not there I would wish a friend of mine to form and fashion himself.

I am mistaken if there is not a much better master and guide, one whose instructions point to the heart, who can draw out the whole soul of the actor into the part he performs, and secure him an applause, when the drama closes and the curtain drops, from that tribunal in whose judgment there is no error. Let the current of prejudice run as it will in favor of Honor, may my friend ever be found in that happy minority, which adheres to the precepts of Religion!

No more then of Sir George Revel! I applaud your forbearance; may he profit by it, and be convinced by your example that true courage does not consist in ferocity! He probably is indebted for his life to your magnanimity; and so farewell to all my fears!

Shall I be frighted when a madman stares?

With

With your duel ends my dispute; a fatal instance is too near at hand to escape your notice, and I would not wish to enforce my argument by referring to it.

Will nobody convince that Lord G. that a *proud man is the most contemptible being in nature?* Is it not hard this obvious truth is known to all the world but those whom it applies to? I now perceive he is a very blundering politician; the man is not fit for the trade he follows: Who would pretend to set up in his business without brains? and where must they have been, when he overlooked your talents, and did not see the weapons of an orator till he felt them in his vitals? Is this fellow qualified to be the steersman of the state, who has not the wit to take in his sails till the hurricane surprizes him? Away with such a sleepy Palinurus! I am turned over once more to my old side, and feel myself more comfortable in my opposition quarters.

We read your maiden speech in our coffee-house club, and took every word for granted as the papers gave it, though perhaps you would tell us it is no more like your speech *than I to Hercules*. I want no better proof of

his Lordship's unhandsome dealings with you, than this evidence of your unmerciful dealings with him; and I am sure if you had ever been let into his heart as a friend, nothing would have tempted you to lay it open as a foe. Ridiculous, inconsiderate man! nobody would have required of him as a politician to act from the heart, but every one will condemn him for want of common skill and contrivance: it is plain he has not studied even the first principles of his profession; I shall not wonder if he is hooted out of the cabinet: What a miserable figure will he make at that work, when it is notorious to all the world that his *right hand hath forgot its cunning!*

But he is also at enmity with his most excellent lady—And who can wonder at this? when was folly not at war with understanding? when was madness reconciled to reason? He does right; he follows his proper course downwards, according to the true back-slidings of nature? Who shall stop him? he is fairly launched from the slip, and presses headlong to the gulph that shall receive him.

Lend me your ear, Arundel, and I will whisper to you a secret, which is not fit for any

any creature but yourself to listen to—There is a certain lady who is not insensible to you. How I come to discover this is no matter; you may be a cautious writer, but I am an inquisitive reader. Who this lady is, what her description, age and person, I shall not say; whether walking and conversing with you in the country, or attending upon you during your confinement in town; whether instructing you as a monitress, or receiving instruction from you as a disciple, whilst you trace out the constellations in the heavens to her uplifted eyes by night; in whatever act, attitude or employment I contemplate this your amiable companion, I recognize a character which I cannot be mistaken in. Though *sorrow may conspire with time to soften down those fires*, that are so bright in younger eyes, yet they are fires, which by their gentleness only lure to a nearer approach, and that sorrow, which softens the beholder also into pity, and raises up no inconsiderable advocate in the heart.

But what has a monk to do, you will say, with speculations of this sort? Certainly they are no thesis for the schools; yet love has its

pupils even within the walls of a college, and nature can instruct without the help of a lecturer. However, as I am neither pupil nor professor, I shall totally drop a subject I have no right to speak upon.

Your recovery from a dangerous wound has been followed by a sudden change of fortune, which in the language of the world will be called a very singular instance of good fortune: let me therefore take the world's opinion upon trust, and join your friends in felicitating you upon your late adoption. Why should I not? the estate, that will now devolve upon you, is the estate of your family; it has ever been in the list of contingencies, and you are not taken by surprize, as many are, upon whom chance throws her favors, and without preparation elevates the prostrate son of earth into the upstart man of consequence. I give it welcome, therefore, as an event which affords your talents a display, and enlarges the sphere of your activity. I flatter myself I shall be able to appeal to one instance of a great fortune rationally enjoyed; you will neither languidly submit to be the prey of servants, or the dupe of sharpers; you have ever
lived

lived in habits of temperance, and who that has once experienced the blessings of pure simplicity will prostitute his health, understanding and conscience, to a life of voluptuousness? You are not, thank Heaven, in danger of being seized by the sordid rage of gaming, for you cannot wish so to employ a superfluity, which your taste can dispose of so much more elegantly, and your spirit bestow so beneficently.

That you may reap the first-fruits of that generous disposition with all possible satisfaction to your feelings, I accept with thankfulness the promise of your benefice in Kent, and assure you that it opens to me every prospect of happiness your friendly heart can wish it to be accompanied with.

Every circumstance about it, house, garden, demesne, the country, river, parish, the people themselves, all conspire to render it the most delectable situation to me in life; and more than all, its neighbourhood to Arundel-house stamps a double value on the gift.

I shall be ordained deacon next Sunday; and I have reason to believe my Lord of Ely

M 4

will

will not refuse me priest's orders very shortly after. I certainly enter upon this office in humble hope and with a serious mind ; I have well reflected upon the nature of our church establishment, and am resolute to abide by all its forms, ordinances and articles, as therein laid down, without deviation ; for I hope I am incapable of prevaricating with an oath, and entering upon these solemn engagements with an unsteady, wavering allegiance ; no, Arundel, I will imitate the sectaries in nothing but their diligence and industry ; neither will I enter the pale of peace and charity with a heart that can be hardened by a spirit of intolerance and bigotry.

To be a good priest in a country parish, such as you describe, is the height of my wishes, and if they succeed, nothing shall tempt me out of my station ; where I fix, there I will fall ; your Kentishmen shall have me, such as I am, once and for ever ; for them I will live, and amongst them I will die : I am no seeker after change or preferment ; nor, when I am the servant of God, will I submit to be the slave of ambition.

It

It appears to me, that some clergymen seem to think their whole duties are comprised in the services of the seventh day ; but when so many instances happily occur to shew the great moral advantages which may be derived to a parish from the careful superintendence of a minister who resides constantly amongst them, it is a strong call upon a man's conscience to stand by his trust, and consider every day in the week no less a day of duty than the seventh. As to what concerns the task of preaching only, my idea is, that a congregation is first to be instructed in the religion they profess, and that morality will spring from religion, as the fruit from the tree. I have therefore no partiality for those slight essays, so much in vogue, which seem composed for fashionable freethinkers, and one would almost suppose, if charity did not forbid the imputation, that they were even composed by freethinkers. This kind of flimsy doctrine (like fair-weather sailing, that may be performed with any ordinary tackle) is very convenient for indolent divines, as it requires little labour, and no depth of study ; preachers, who court popularity from polite congregations,

gations, affect to suit their language to their company, and, avoiding all harsh truths, tell them rather what they like, than what they ought, to hear; the crimes, that cry out for correction, are left untouched; and the lash only applied where nobody present can be hit by it.

For my part, though I would with great care avoid puzzling the understandings of my rural flock, yet I conceive it is very feasible, in plain and easy language, and by natural deductions, to proceed systematically in a chain of discourses through all the necessary proofs of revealed religion. If this were done in a concise, intelligible manner, and so methodized as the memory might retain it, I should expect it would enable an attentive congregation, even in a country parish, *to give a reason for the faith that is in them*, and with this view it might be proper to repeat it as occasion seemed to require. Upon this system, once established in the mind, all the moral duties of Christianity might be grounded, not in a vague and desultory manner, but in the chain and order of their dependancies one upon another; for I take it as a point admitted,

mitted, that teachers of all sorts must proceed by method, if they mean to fix in their hearers memories what they essay to teach : listen to the rambling arguments of a man, who has no mathematical principles in his head, and though he talks to you in the diction of Tully, they will be words without ideas, a mere cluster of unmeaning sentences. It is my purpose, therefore, if it ever is my lot to have a steady congregation under my care, so to connect my sermons, as may lead my hearers step by step through a course of Christian doctrine, as if I was solving a proposition in geometry ; and I will venture to pronounce, that whoever analyzes the whole series and system of Revelation in this manner, will find his faith established by the process as clear and incontrovertible as any mathematical truth founded upon demonstration. Farewell.

LETTER XL.

Lady Louisa G. to Lady Jane S.

I AM so haunted by Sir George Revel, and suffer his visits with so ill a grace, that I can wear the mask no longer, and must positively give him a flat refusal the very next time he baits me with his odious addresses.

My father begins to find he has gained nothing upon me by my mother's absence, and grows very impatient; he is astonished what I can discover in Sir George to object to, and then runs over a number of particulars, every one of which he thinks the best recommendation a man can have, and I think the sum total would not weigh against one grain of merit. Oh, Arundel, if nature had not given me a heart to despise these vanities, you would have taught me!

Whilst my father is for ever tutoring and tormenting me in private, my disappointed lover runs bellowing up and down, abusing me, to all the world, as the veriest coquette and
jilt

jilt in nature, and I have too good reason to believe that his animosity against my exiled mother, provokes him to say very base and scandalous things against her. I live in daily terror lest any of these reports should come round to Arundel's ears, whose spirit would not bear a word to be said against Lady G.

That gentleman has made his debüt in Parliament by taking a decided part in Opposition. I should make a lame story of it, if I were to attempt at giving you particulars, but I can assure you the whole town rings with his applauses; and (what is worst of all) our ministers *lost their question*, as they call it, so that I believe no question now remains but they will lose their places. Every one of the junto are outrageous against my poor father for letting such a genius as Arundel slip through his hands; and this, with the affair of my mother, has opened all mouths violently against him, though I am persuaded he feels his error poignantly enough, without any of these reproaches to aggravate his regret.

The eloquence, the youth, the person of Arundel, who was known to scarce a member in the house, had an astonishing effect:
juvenile

juvenile orators have oftentimes come out with credit in a set speech, rehearsed as it were by heart; but this new phænomenon in Parliament was two hours in his reply to one of the best speakers on the side of administration, by which he established his reputation beyond all example.

As his affair with Sir George Revel has been greatly talked of, it interested the attention of the house in an extraordinary degree, when that gentleman, who with all his members is come over to the minister's side, rose as soon as Arundel had sat down, and undertook to reply to him; he began with some vehemence to retort upon him for the unhandsome part he was taking, appealing to the candor of the house to judge if it was becoming for a man so new in his seat, and one who had been so lately initiated, as an humble dependant on a noble lord high in office, into the privacy of his family, to avail himself of the intelligence he had gleaned (imperfectly as it appeared, but certainly not very honorably) in his service, for the purpose of employing it against the very patron, who had admitted him into his confidence? That noble lord, he could say

say from his own knowledge, was intitled to a better return, as he had shewn himself no less ready to bestow favors than to forgive offences, and though his bounty had not been accepted, he humbly conceived it ought not to have been forgotten.

The gentleman, from whose account I took down these particulars for your information, said the house seemed to feel the indelicacy of Sir George Revel's appeal, considering what had lately passed, and were very much disposed to interfere, and call him to order; but as soon as Arundel took up his reply, in which he conducted himself with great coolness and discretion, the silence and attention were almost without precedent.

In justifying himself from the charge of ingratitude and double-dealing, he went through a manly, yet modest, detail of his own proceedings during his connection with my father, and of the reasons which dissolved it: these indeed he touched with great delicacy, yet opened as much as sufficed very fully for his own vindication: when he came to speak of the melancholy event, which had wrought so great

great a change in his fortune and condition, all eyes were turned upon the venerable old General, who, though in the last stage of infirmity, and in deep mourning for an only son, had seated himself by his side; a solemn murmur ran through the house; every nerve seemed to vibrate with the pathos of the scene; the feeble veteran put his handkerchief to his eyes; the crisis was too affecting; Arundel's voice trembled, stopt, he paused awhile, and then resuming his discourse with greater energy, he broke forth into so fine a flow of eloquence, awakened all the feelings of his hearers, and struck the strings of pity with so masterly a hand, that decency could scarce restrain the house from exclamations of applause. 'Twas then he turned his defence into attack, and made so fierce a sally into his opponent's quarters, that he raised a general indignation against the very person, whom he had been accused of being ungrateful to; he asserted, to the conviction of all, that so far from betraying a benefactor, he had suffered under an oppressor—that he could not abuse a confidence he had never enjoyed—and that the
offer

offer he had refused was the result of fear, not favor, and would have been disgraceful to accept. But what was remarked particularly to his credit was, that not a word of personality towards Sir George Revel escaped from his lips; not a look that marked contempt, not a syllable that breathed defiance.

Thus you have the whole fairly transcribed from a very correct Reporter, of what passed on that memorable debate, which was closed with the speech above related and finished by a division, in which the ruling powers were overthrown; a defeat, which I know enough of your politics, my dear Jane, to believe you will not be very sorry for.

Farewell.

LETTER

L E T T E R XLI.

Lady Louisa G. to Lady Jane S.

I Have at last peremptorily broke with Sir George Revel, and am free.

No penitent ever returned from absolution so lightened in conscience as I am by what I have done : I felt myself acting a part of duplicity, which I must take the liberty to say was a character entirely out of my cast, and of course very awkwardly performed.

A fine man of Sir George's sort, who looks upon the whole female world as drawn out in review for him in his imperial humour to throw his handkerchief to the chosen fair, brooks the insult of a repulse very ill. If he had not loved himself infinitely more than he did me, his disappointment would have been intolerable ; but as my opinion cannot lower him in his own, he seemed rather to pity my bad taste than deplore his own hard fate.

On the evening of the day I last wrote to you I went to the Opera, and Sir George Revel,

vel, by privilege of custom, came into my box; he was more than commonly troublesome, and as my attention was particularly engrossed by a certain person in the pit, I was not in the best humour in the world: to confess the truth to you, that certain person was Arundel, who was sitting by old Lady Treville, and as it seemed in earnest conversation with her.

I had fixt my eyes upon him so attentively, that Sir George, by following their direction, soon discovered the object at which they were pointed.

I perceive, said he, your Ladyship has found out an acquaintance; you are looking at our new orator; but I should suppose you can find no great pleasure in contemplating ingratitude, though at a distance.

To this I made no answer, and he proceeded.

The vanity of that fellow is insufferable; he comes here on purpose to be stared at: but though curiosity should draw every eye upon an upstart novelty, your's at least methinks should be averted from the foe-professed and slanderer of your father.

As

As you have had a full reply to that already, I suppose you do not expect one from me.

You need not put your lips to that trouble, Madam, I understand the language of your eyes.

Not always, Sir George.

When have I failed to interpret rightly?

In your own case, as I should think.

I understand you perfectly, Madam; I can see the passion which prevails, when they are turned upon me, as I can discover that which animates them whilst they are fixt upon him.

Hold, Sir George, one conclusion at a time, with your leave: be as confident as you please in your own case, but I desire you will make no conjectures for any other.

In my own case then give me leave to tell you, Lady Louisa, that if I have been hitherto in a deception as to the real language of your eyes, it is because you have hitherto been pleased to conceal them under a mask; the instant that you condescend to take it off, and let them follow where the impulse of your heart directs them, I no longer think the honor of being your admirer can compensate for the disgrace of being rival to your mother's footman.

So

So saying he flounced out of the box, and left me in a state of mind, in which it was hard to decide whether joy or indignation most preponderated. My agitation however was so great between both, that I found myself unable to sit out the Opera, and, nobody being with me but Mrs. Courtenhall, I apologized to her for the disorder I was in and begged to go home.

An embarrassment now ensued about getting up our carriage, as we had no gentleman to apply to; but depending upon what chance might throw in our way, we went down to the lobby to give orders for our servants to be called. Fortune, (whether in malice or goodwill I cannot pretend to say) so ordered it, that we should there encounter Mr. Arundel alone and going out of the house. My distress was visible, and his embarrassment no less so; he bowed with all possible respect; advanced, retired, then stooped as if uncertain what to do. His natural good manners at last decided in our favor, and he addressed himself to me to know if I wanted any assistance—would I command him to order up my carriage? I accepted his service and he flew to fulfil it: a
very

very short time brought him back to tell me the coach was ready, and my servants in waiting.

May I have the honor of taking care of your Ladyship, or am I impertinent?

That can hardly be, I replied, though they tell me I am in the enemy's hands. This I accompanied with a smile, as he was in the very act I alluded to.

Yes, Lady Louisa, if he can be called an enemy, who would die in your defence.

I will not swear to you, my sweet Jane, that whilst he spoke these words he actually did press my hand, but I thought he did, I felt as if he did; the flutter I had been in seized me worse than ever; I tottered, lost my sight and scarce had power to proceed. He certainly did not overlook my disorder, for he supported me with the greatest care, and stopping to give me time for recovery, with a look expressive of the tenderest respect, whispered to me—Alas! you are ill; if enemies feel what I feel, how can your friends survive it?—As you have never heard his voice, Jane, you cannot judge of its effect; I will not attempt at the description of it: my heart was full; it was

swelling with indignation against the wretch who had so late insulted my ears with his abuse, it was struggling to supply some words that might convince him I did not seriously suppose he was *my enemy*; but in the struggle words were lost, tears supplied their place, and I had only strength to say—For Heaven's sake take me to my coach; I shall expose myself.

He obeyed me, but how I know not; he conducted me through the crowd, put me into the coach, placed my companion by my side, and we parted without another word.

Oh Jane, Jane, Jane! I love—give me some stronger word.—There is none.—What use for language then? away with it! it cannot reach my passion.—I have done.

LETTER

LETTER XLII.

Lady Louisa G. to Lady Jane S.

ANOTHER letter, I hear you say!—Yes, another—for *I must write and you must read.*

Lady Treville has been with me; she is a dear, old, generous, confederate creature, a friend to love, and, like *Hope,*

A nurse of young desire.

I doat upon her to distraction, for I am sure she came upon an errand from Arundel this morning, to enquire after my health: she had heard I went home ill from the Opera last night.

This good lady, as you well know, has a fine house, a great fortune, high birth and much vivacity; she keeps a circle, which is greatly frequented by the fine young-men about town, particularly by the leaders of that party, which is termed the Opposition. Arundel is her prime favorite, and I understand is

at

at her house most evenings: she told me he had supped with her last night after the Opera, and I can assure your Ladyship, says she, that though my boy (for so she calls Arundel) is so angry with your father, he says the finest things in the world of you.

Of me! I replied, methinks I should be curious to know what Mr. Arundel is pleased to commend in me.

Now I dare say, answered Lady Treville, you are prepared to hear a great many compliments passed upon your beauty, but I must mortify your expectations by telling you his encomiums were all directed another way, which perhaps you may hold to be a great solecism in politeness.

Pardon me, my good Lady, that is not my way of thinking. Well then, said she with a smile, you can well believe that busy people will be meddling with affairs they have no concern in; and as a certain Sir George Revel, whom all the ladies think so great a catch, has circulated your refusal of him pretty generally, there will be different ways of talking about it. I believe he has been at some pains to make his own story as good as he can against

you: now though all the world knows my love and esteem for my dear Lady Louisa, yet it is impossible to keep all mouths shut in a mixt company, and I believe some folks take up the worst side for contradiction sake.

Dear madam, there is no need of softening the truth to me: I dare say I was soundly abused by some kind soul or other as the arrantest jilt in the kingdom.

Not so bad as that, Lady Louisa; enough however to draw out the handsomest defence from Mr. Arundel I ever heard: defence do I call it? it was a panegyric, that made every female cheek in the room burn with envy; it put malice quite out of countenance, I can assure you, and was followed by a silence, which nobody seemed hardy enough to interrupt.

At last a grave old gentleman observed, that it was as hopeless to convict Lady Louisa before such an advocate, as it was to defend Lord G. against such an opponent.

One of the company observed to me in a whisper, that the young lady had probably revenged her father's quarrel, intimating that you, my dear, had made Arundel's heart atone for what Lord G.'s had felt.

Now

Now this was an observation I could neither say yea nor nay to till I had consulted you; but if you will give me an answer upon your authority, I will be faithful in applying it.

But is it necessary, I demanded, that an answer should be given? and if it should, does it not rather rest with Mr. Arundel than with me? Is not he better able to judge of the state of his own heart than I am for him? If you wish to know the truth, my dear lady, had not you better seek it from the fountain-head?

Oh Heavens! she cried, if he dared to tell me that he was in love with any woman but myself, I would tear his eyes out. I caught him looking at you at the Opera, and I sent him away with such a lecture, as he will not soon forget: I do not know whether I shall let him into my house this evening, though I have a little private party of music and shall want his violin; now I was thinking, if your Ladyship will honor me with your assistance at the harpsichord, we will send him about his business and shew him that we can do without him.

I fancy I should be an unwelcome visitor upon those terms; you would find me a bad

substitute for so fine a performer; but as I am persuaded your Ladyship has no reason to fear any rival, and me perhaps least of any, had not you better let him in?

Then be it so! and if he dares to look aside, trust me for finding him out; nothing is so sharp-sighted as jealousy.—But remember to come and bring all your charms with you, youth, beauty, love and harmony; if I triumph over these, my glory will be great indeed.

With these words she started up with all the vivacity of a girl, and taking me by the hand as she left the room, cried out, God bless you, my dear Lady, I adore you for your behavior to Sir George Revel; there is but one man living, who deserves you.

And now, my dear Jane, I leave you a puzzle to amuse yourself with guessing at.—Do I go, or do I not go?—*that is the question.*

Farewell.

LETTER

LETTER XLIII.

Lady Jane S. to Lady Louisa G.

HOW can you be so nonsensical a chit? Do you go, or do you not go to Lady Treville's? That is the question indeed! No, child, that is not the question which I shall answer, for it answers itself. You will not stop at Lady Treville's, when you are once set a-going, if I have any guess at your motions: you will have a longer journey on your hands before you are much older; for that promotion, which we are told cometh neither from the East, nor from the West, nor yet from the South, can of course be found no where but in the North, and thither you will go in search of it. I have heard it said there is an old blacksmith, somewhere on the borders of Scotland, who, though but a footy fellow, is in great vogue for his workmanship, and much resorted to for a particular kind of chains, which I think would suit your Ladyship's taste to a tittle, and perhaps last you to the end of your life. Now if your

my pretty Louisa, would pay this same blacksmith a visit, it would be realizing the old fusty fable of Venus and Vulcan; and, to prevent mistakes, you may take your Æneas in your hand, and let his armour be fitted upon him in the shop: I warrant it will then sit close to him.

Well! and how did my dear Arundel look at Lady Treville's, what did he say and how did he fiddle? I find he draws a strong bow, as my poor Lord G. can witness. I adore him for his politics, for I am opposition mad; in short, my dear, we of this house are poor and hungry, and I do from my heart hope that Arundel will help to smother out all the hive, and let us in for a share of the honey. I would venture a good wager, Louisa, that at this very time of writing you are one of us. What a happy faculty these young reformers have at converting us maiden pupils to their opinions! the wisdom of the aged is but lost upon us; it goes for nothing.

And so you have had the assurance to refuse a lover, whom all the marrying world are pulling caps for; and who but you could withstand being the finest, gayest, richest bride in England?

land? To be sure there are a few flaws in Sir George's character, a few trifling blemishes, such as pride, ill-nature, insolence, a small propensity to the brute, and no want of partiality for dear self: but who stumbles at straws! and every Miss in the kingdom knows, that if her husband will not make her happy, somebody else will: there is always some kind-hearted creature ready to take pity upon disconsolate wives, if they are willing to make their sorrows known. It is my opinion then Sir George will never meet a second rebuff, unless he would condescend to cast the eyes of his regard upon me; oh! that his proud stomach would come down so low! Marry! if a poor Scottish lassie like me was to send him packing, it would break the neck of his pride at once; now you can only break his heart: honor enough for him that he may boast of having thrown himself at your feet, though he has been tossed out of window for his temerity.

Fie upon it! where am I scrambling out of windows? The thought of your dear mother meets me by the way, and rebukes my idle spirit for its levity. When I think of her, my

heart

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heavy

heavy heart is like poor king John's in the tragedy—

It will not out of windows or of doors.

Oh that I was with her in her solitude! tell her, I beseech you, if she wants a tame creature to run about the house, and be faithful to her, I am at her service. I can hold my tongue when she does not wish to hear me talk, and I am too much my own friend not to be silent when she speaks: on this side idolatry I have ever loved her more than any other woman, but when she was a great Lady, I forbore to make my court to her, as I now wish to do in the *decadence* of her fortune. Oh Arundel, how I love thee for thy gratitude and devotion to the charming Lady G.! Lend me but thy Cestus, my sweet Louisa, if thou hast no employment for it thyself, and I will level all my borrowed charms at the heart of that dear darling fellow, and save him a trip to the blacksmith, for there is not one of my poor kinsfolk, but will toss their Scotch bonnets in the air for joy at my good luck: I warrant him they will set the pipes a squeaking, when he comes to Fergus Castle. In the mean time
here

here I live without a lover, or even an acquaintance, except one solitary tree that stands now in my eye from the castle casement, the only ornament of the prospect; with whom I have made a friendship, as there is a kind of sympathy in our situations, being both left naked and alone in the wide world, both planted in a bleak and barren soil, and alike unsheltered and exposed to all the blasts of Heaven: I visit it every day, and as I stand sighing under its branches, the kind creature answers me with a melancholy murmur, and rustles every leaf in token of its fellow-feeling. It is the very emblem of celibacy, for if I was to climb to the top of it I am sure I could not spy out a companion within the range of vision; it stands like Jephtha's daughter, bewailing its virginity upon the mountains, and being of the ever-green race has the property in common with other old maids of never changing its condition. If there had been a flower within a mile of me I would have treated it with a garland; but alas! no *purple-fingered hours fling rose, fling odours here.*

Within the castle walls all is not habitable
N 5 that

that they enclose ; there are trophies, banners, and armour in the hall that bespeak the warlike dignity of the house, but there is wanting that which should cover its nakedness, for it is open to the sky, and the bats now perch upon those casques, where victory took post in times of yore : at the upper end, upon a platform elevated by three stone steps, is a chair of state for the grete laird of the mansion, overhung with a canopy of plaid drapery, which in obedience to the laws of the kingdom no longer observes any distinction of colours, and woe betide the ambitious chieftain who should dare to enthrone himself under its rotten royalty. On each side of this throne are two gothic arches, both which in better days were complimented with doors, but one only enjoys that distinction at present, and this delivers you into a great chamber, which we, by courtesy, call habitable, and so it is more properly by contrast, for here my venerable ancestors hang by the wall with their names and sexes very considerately told by the painter, who would else have bequeathed a riddle to posterity too difficult for us to expound. Here also sits my living ancestor, my noble grand-

grandmother, in her eightieth year, the mother of three earls; and the widow, alas! of two: a mournful wreck,

*In second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every thing.*

And here sit I, watching the last ebb of nature in the only relique time and the sword have left me, save one beloved brother, lord of these ruins, the bravest hero and the best of men, who is now bearing the English thunder over the waves of the ocean against a world in arms: the God of battle, giver of all victory, protect him and his gallant comrade, wherever they are! Wonder not if I adore the name of Arundel, when it is the brave John Arundel, uncle of your Francis, who is the gallant comrade I allude to; with this veteran my brother is now cruising; under him he has been trained from a child; he it is who has educated, fathered, and befriended him; under his command he is now sailing, the disciple in a frigate, the master in a line of battle ship; by his side perhaps he is fighting. Arundel taught him to be a seaman; Heaven made him a hero. Farewell.

LETTER XLIV.

Arundel to the Countess of G.

AS your Ladyship's great kindness has given me a claim upon you for advice in any difficulties, I beg leave now to resort to you for your judgment, in a case, than which nothing can be more interesting to my feelings, at the same time that I am doubtful how I ought to act in it with all becoming delicacy towards the party concerned.

There is a lady of high rank, to whom I am under the greatest obligations, and for whom my heart entertains every respectful sentiment of esteem and gratitude, now in a very peculiar situation, having been exiled from her house and family by the tyranny of her Lord, and living in a retired and solitary cottage on the sea-coast without a friend or companion with her, and solaced only by those conscious reflections, which the unblemished rectitude of her

her own virtuous conduct may suggest for her relief and comfort.

A heart, that overflows for the unmerited sufferings of this amiable exile, prompts me to express to her the sensibility, with which it is penetrated in her behalf; and to attempt at telling her, (if words could tell what it feels) how entirely it is devoted to her—but alas! I am doubtful if I ought to do this, and am afraid lest the delicacy of her soul might resent the intrusion of my officious zeal upon the sacred privacy of her retirement.

You, Madam; to whom all these fine feelings are present, will inform me how to act; and, that you may possess yourself of the case in all its circumstances, I beseech of you to put yourself in the predicament of the lady I describe, and, crediting me for what I profess, and even more than I can profess, answer as in her person, and direct my doubtful judgment how to proceed.

If there was a thing within the compass of my faculties to attempt, if there was a service to be undertaken for her sake, though it involved the sacrifice of my life, I have zeal and
ardor

ardor equal to the task; but if this moment, when I wish her most to know it, is the very moment, when I ought not to declare it, your decision will impose silence upon me, which however painful to preserve, I will still persist in; for let me suffer any imputation, even of ingratitude, rather than give occasion to the world but to hint at a suspicion, that might sully her immaculate character, and furnish an injurious husband with matter for retort.

When I was laid up by a wound some time ago, she had the tenderest commiseration for my bodily pain; shall I not feel pity for her mental agonies, now she is wounded in spirit by the sharp fangs of unkindness?

LETTER

LETTER XLV.

The Countess of G. to Arundel.

A Solitary being, expelled from society, seems ill calculated to counsel those who live in it. Had I possessed the art of accommodating my principles to the tempers and fashions of the world, I had not now been exiled to this solitude; and yet I have not so soon forgot the manner of all worldly things, as to be totally without an answer to the question you put to me.

If you, on whom the sudden possession of a great fortune has just fallen, have begun the career of pleasure, as it is called, which seldom fails to appertain to it, the mode most consonant to the established practice of men of pleasure is to avoid pain and trouble: In that case it will be totally out of character, and against all rule of self-gratification, to concern yourself any further about this melancholy being, whose sequestered cottage by the sea-shore

shore can furnish no delights to you, and whose dull society will only damp the spring of pleasure, which should know no relaxation, or remission of activity, in your bosom.

On the contrary, if, amidst the solicitations of the senses, you are still awake to the feelings of the soul; if you can suppose there is a joy in bestowing comfort to the afflicted, and have any taste for the delights which spring from within, as well as for those which court you from without, then, Arundel, you will turn your steps from those flowery paths, where pleasure leads the dance, and strike into the narrow, winding crag, which, over rocks and thorns, ushers benevolence into the house of mourning: you will go to that solitary cottage by the sea-side; you will visit your afflicted friend, and, if she is clothed in the armour of virtue, she will not fear the shafts of malice.

LETTER

LETTER XLVI.

Lady Louisa G. to Lady Jane S.

ALAS! my dear Jane, the hope that gleamed upon my prospect, how suddenly is it overcast!

No sooner had Lady Treville left me, than my father came into my room: for some days I had scarce exchanged a word with him, and whenever we met he appeared sullen, dull and out of spirits. I was willing to ascribe it to the derangement of his political situation, and I now understand it to be decided that he is to retire from office, and that there will be a total change of ministers.

His countenance very sufficiently indicated that I was to encounter his displeasure; but when I expected it to break forth, as usual with him, in some sudden gust of passion, he sat deliberately down, and without any elevation of voice, began by telling me, that my conduct towards Sir George Revel had at last

put

put it out of all doubt that I was in league against him with my mother, and that viper (meaning Arundel), whom he had fostered in his bosom. Yes, added he, ingrateful child, whom I have so foolishly doated on, it is not in the nature of things to suppose you would have refused a match, so desiræable in itself, and so much the object of my wishes, had you not been combined with those incendiaries under my own roof in a plot against my honor, happiness and interest. Could you be so blind as not to see your mother's glaring partiality for that fellow Arundel? Did she not employ him as her instrument in the first place to affront Sir George, and when the quarrel did not terminate to her wish, but her runner got chastised for his insolence, she caballed with him for traversing my measures, and turning your affections from their natural bent in his favor to an absolute rejection of him? Who but she inspired her favorite with those presumptuous notions of himself, which broke out with such insolence upon our last interview in this house, so that when I calmly took him to talk for his officiousness in my family affairs, he answered me in such a stile, that I

was

was necessitated to dismiss him from my service? And now, when by a sudden shift of fortune he is started into consequence, and been brought into parliament, what but the stimulations of her resentful persecuting spirit could have provoked him to stand up against me with such personal animosity, and in the bitterest strain of invective attempt to blacken and arraign my character, who have been the friend that brought him into notice, the moving spring of all the undeserved success that has befallen him? Nay, I can well believe that she is capable of furnishing him with hints and heads for his abusive, virulent Philippic; for where should he discover or invent matter for his calumny? and how should a raw academic start up at once a politician and declaimer, unless some such mischief-making meddler had been at work to tutor him in the trade? Reasons enough these in all conscience for the step I have taken in breaking all connection with your mother, and determining upon that separation, which I am now resolved shall be as rigidly observed on your part, Louisa, as on mine; for henceforward I forbid you even to write to her or correspond

spond with her in any shape; and if you dare to transgress these commands, I will find means to make you rue the hour you disobey me.

Here I interposed; by reminding him that he had promised both my mother and me, upon our parting, that I should be permitted to write to her.

It is no matter, replied he, what I promised then; I have upon mature reflection now determined otherwise, and I see the danger of your intercourse in a stronger light than at that time it appeared to me in. Take notice also, that you had not then declared yourself against Sir George Revel; nay, I had every reason to believe you meant to comply with his wishes and mine, by giving him your hand. Did you not encourage this delusion? and do you suppose any father can continue to repose the same confidence or affection in a daughter, who repays his kindness and betrays his trust by seizing the very first occasion for thwarting all his hopes and projects for her happiness? No, Louisa, you have cured me of my partiality, and have nothing now to expect from me but justice, and a strict attention to prevent your remaining

remaining in the hands of those insidious counsellors, who have already been but too successful in perverting your natural good qualities, your judgment, your duty. Who can tell what chimeras may have sprung in your mother's projecting brain, since her favorite Arundel is become so much the favorite of fortune also? Both his protectresses are blind alike, and you, child, who have been egregiously blind in one instance, may be so in another, and, with the help of her treacherous instigations, for aught I know, be trepanned into a passion for that despicable fellow, and complete the ruin of my peace for ever.

Here he cast his eyes upon me, and seeing me in confusion, exclaimed, Yes, yes, you may well be overwhelmed with shame and confusion; but remember what I tell you, Madam, Were I certain at this moment that you had ever meditated an act of that desperation, I would confine you, starve you, annihilate you, sooner than you should so disgrace yourself, and combine against your father with his bitterest enemy; therefore if you are disposed at once to put my heart to rest, and
leave

leave it clear from this and every other suspicion, comply with my advice, gratify me by revoking what has passed with Sir George, and allow him to renew his addresses to you.

Here he paused, and seemed to expect my answer; but finding me silent, he proceeded in a milder tone—

Do this, Louisa, and be again the beloved of my soul; be free as air, ask what you will, and my fondness shall consent to it; visit your mother when you will, where you will, nay, if that is your desire, bring her home, restore her to her family, my arms shall then be open to receive and welcome her;—but if you will not, if you will not do this, but still persist in obstinately opposing my desire, I exact your solemn vow upon the spot, never henceforward to exchange a thought, word, or look with that villain Arundel, at any time or upon any occasion; and at the same time I forbid all future correspondence with your mother.—Now take your choice; I wait for your reply.

Ah Sir, said I, whilst the tears gushed from my eyes, what an agonizing alternative have you now forced upon my choice! Are there

no means left for appeasing your displeasure but by sacrificing my own happiness? No hope of reconciling you to my unhappy mother but by devoting myself before the altar with lying lips and a revolting heart? Must I never embrace a beloved parent till I join hands with him who is of all men my aversion? never be permitted to speak comfort to her affliction, till I pronounce the fatal word, that sentences me to misery, perhaps to guilt, for ever? Is this my choice of horrors? Are these the allotted portions of wretchedness, from which I am now commanded to elect my doom for life?

He paused awhile, and looked me sternly in the face—then recollecting himself, tauntingly replied—Your imagination, Madam, may fill both sides of the picture with horrors; I conceive they exist only on the reverse of that which it is your duty to chuse: I am satisfied I propose a gentleman who will make you happy; you may have a wretch in your eye, whom I hold in my aversion; therefore it behoves me to be peremptory: I don't wish to be amused by eloquence and declamation, I
desire

desire only to be answered with sincerity and truth.

Then, my Lord, I resign into your hands that life, which under God you gave me; I devote myself to death, the last resource of human misery. When you have thus disposed of my mother and myself, you will have executed the full powers of a husband and a father.

Whether he was alarmed at the agony with which I uttered these words, or awakened by some stings of conscience at the conclusion of them, I cannot pretend to determine, but he took me gently by the hand, and in a low voice said — Be comforted, Louisa; I am your father still, and cannot forget to love you; but regard me as a father, and enable me to fulfil the promise by which I have bound myself to Sir George Revel: do not compel me to break the word which I have given him, that he shall at least be admitted to renew his addresses to you: if I cannot prevail with my child to give him her consent, give him at least a hearing at my request; surely you will not refuse that to a father: and in
the

the mean time I trust you will pledge your honor to me not to converse, correspond with, or (if that can be prevented) even to see Mr. Arundel. Are these unreasonable requisitions, Louisa? will you not grant this moderate request to your father?

I were inexcusable if I did not promise you to fulfil every one of these conditions most religiously.

Then retire to your chamber, my dear, he replied, compose your spirits, and be assured I have no other wish in life but to make you happy.

Thus ended a conversation, painful through its whole progress, though the violence it commenced with was in some degree softened at the conclusion.

These irksome conditions must be observed. I shall send an apology to Lady Treville.

Oh my Jane, if I were now standing under thy solitary tree, in the bleakest wind that ever shook its weather-beaten branches, I could, so Arundel were by my side,

Smile on the tempest and enjoy the storm.

Farewell.

LETTER XLVII.

Arundel to Charles Mortlake.

IT is now in my power to inform you, that the old incumbent of Packington is dead, and the presentation to that living waits your acceptance. You will not be in any haste to remove, till I have taken a survey of the premises, and put things in comfortable order for your reception. As you tell me you are resolved to build your nest for life, I would fain have it made fit for a tenure, which I hope in God will last long and be happy. They tell me every thing is in decent repair; but be this as it may, we will have no talk about dilapidations, for I cannot endure to see a parson raking in the ashes of his predecessors, and *wringing from the hands* of widows or of orphans *their vile trash*. Let that task devolve upon the patron; let the gratification of preparing an asylum for the friend of my life be mine. Upon this delightful errand I am

now

now setting out, and you may depend upon it I shall not let the work sleep in my hands. When I am on the spot I will inform you of particulars; till then, adieu!

P. S. Not another word upon the subject of Lady G. if you have any regard for my peace. Lady Louisa has actually refused Sir George Revel.—Divine, angelic girl, how I adore her! I can now for the first time say my wound is healed; I am whole again. I am just now setting off for Lady Treville's, where I shall meet her this evening. My eyes, my ears, will be blest.—Oh hope, my heart embraces thee!

Tantum!

LETTER XLVIII.

The Countess of G. to the Hon. Mrs. Dormer.

WHEN I was beginning to feel something like a dawn of peace, my spirits have been agitated afresh by a letter from Arundel, guarded indeed, respectful and somewhat obscure in its manner; but my foolish heart caught at the lure, and eagerly embraced the distant offer of a visit.

I am at once delighted and alarmed with the idea; I reproached yet could not command myself. I am sensible I have done wrong; I know he ought not to come hither. Put aside *vain and foolish talking*, and for once give me your sober and sound judgment: Shall I revoke the invitation? I am resolute to obey, if you advise it. Farewell.

LETTER

L E T T E R X L I X .

The Hon. Mrs. Dormer to the Countess of G.

London.

BY no means, my ever honored and beloved Lady, admit the visit of Arundel.

Events have come to pass in your family, which perhaps you are not yet apprized of. Lady Louisa has absolutely discarded Sir George Revel; she has had a casual interview with Arundel at the Opera, this I learn from Gossip Report, alias old Lady Treville: I am going to her party this night; I am to take up your daughter in my way, and I also know that Arundel will be there.—Music is the pretence, but take my word for it, love is at the bottom of it. It is creeping into the world, nay it has already crept.

Need I add another word? It would be an insult to your delicacy, to your discretion, to your maternal feeling. I leave it with your own excellent heart to decide. Farewell. May Heaven protect and bless you!

L E T T E R

LETTER L.

The Countess of G. to the Hon. Mrs. Dormer.

NOT for the earth would I admit of a visit from Arundel. I will put that mischief beyond the reach of chance or temptation. I will leave the kingdom immediately.

Strange as it may appear, yet I give you my honor it is true, that until I came to this place I did not know Sir Francis Arundel has a family seat in this country, and as I am now informed not many miles from the house I am in. Whether this would or would not have been a motive with me for coming hither, when I had a retirement to chuse, is a question I will not ask of myself, let it suffice that it is now become no question at all, but downright fate and necessity that I must fly from it forthwith.

Oh horrible! what terrors rush upon my mind of dangers narrowly escaped, temptations rashly encountered, deliverances providentially vouchsafed!

You have now redeemed all former errors; your last letter has inclosed an antidote for the
poison,

poison, which your first contained. The operation has been severe, but the cure is radical; the caustic has penetrated to my heart, but the canker, which would have consumed it, is itself consumed: you have saved me; you have saved yourself, and atoned to virtue.

Why did not my Louisa confide to me the very first approaches of her passion? How was it that I did not discover them? Where was my intuition?—Ah! where indeed? diverted, misapplied, engrossed by treacherous propensities, blind leaders of the blind.

The affair of Sir George Revel is not new to me; what relates to Arundel is unexpected; but when I recall past circumstances to my memory, I see clearly many things by retrospection, which escaped unnoticed at the time; and I am convinced that the impression was given, and has been deepening, from their very first interview.

Oh my Louisa, my child, what a scene of difficulties is now opening upon thee! what fury wilt thou have to encounter from my Lord, what malice, what resentment from Sir George! Now who shall prevent a mortal encounter between Arundel and his rival?

Can you wonder if I fly from the world, if
I hide

I hide myself from these approaching terrors, helpless as I am, and alike incapable either to prevent them coming, or meet them when they come? No, my good friend, let me sink into oblivious solitude, let me steer my feeble bark out of the stream of this overwhelming torrent. May Heaven direct, preserve and bless my child! May she be happy in the arms of Arundel! May I repose myself in secrecy and retirement.

I have formed my plan, and shall not lose a moment in preparing for it: when I am arrived at the place of my destination I shall write to you; but as I mean to keep it private from all but you, even from my daughter herself and Arundel above all, I must conjure you in the most solemn manner never to divulge my secret.

Time may bring all things round; if Providence befriends my child and she is happy with her Arundel, then I will come forth and claim participation in the blessing: if not, death is my asylum; I sink unnoticed into the forgetful grave. Farewell.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.